THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

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Municipal Engineering.
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SPRING SHOWING
Weekly Display of
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Including copies of these models and exclusive designs from our own work room, commencing
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AND FOLLOWING DAYS
LADIES' SCARFS
in Crepe de Chene and Georgette, printed designs, three cornered and squares.
HOSIERY AND SILK LINGERIE A SPECIALTY
The Leading Millinery House

NEW SPRING SUITS and TOP COATS
Tailored to your individual order
$19.75 to $45.00
Made from genuine hand woven Harris Tweeds, fancy imported Worsted Suitings, black, blue and grey Serges. All the wanted shades included in our assortment for Spring selling.
W.W.ADAMS
Merchant Tailor.
Men's and Boys' Wear
Newburgh, - Ont.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
Persons having claims against the estate of John Sidney Aylesworth, late of the Township of Richmond, in the County of Lennox and Addington, civil engineer, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned Solicitor for the estate before the 23rd day of April, 1928, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of Section 51 of Chapter 150 R.S.O. 1927.
Dated March 5th, 1928.
W. G. WILSON,
Solicitor for Administrators.
15-d

FOR SALE—200 fence posts. Apply to C. H. SPENCER. 16a

FOR SALE—5000 ft. of 1-inch pine lumber, also 400 swamp cedar pickets. Apply to RANDALL McQUAIG, Selby. 16-cp

FOR SALE—Registered Purebred Holstein Calves, male and female, 2 and 3 weeks old. Apply to ARTHUR HINES, Bath, R. R. 1. 16-bp

FOR SALE—O. A. C. Oats, 144, Grade No. 1, 85c. per bus. at barn. Reg. red shorthorn calves, male and female MARK HAWLEY, Napanee. 15-cp

FOR SALE—Desirable frome house, 8 rooms, large garden, furnace, electric light, water, garage, fruit trees and bushes. Apply on premises, Centre street. D. L. GREEN. 13-tf

MONEY—Somebody lost money in the County of Hastings. If they will advertise it in this paper and in the Deseronto Post, when and where, and how much they lost, they might recover it. 15-dp

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

WANTED—We have a few used cars in good condition for sale. Would take horses or cattle of any kind in exchange. Bring on your live stock. PAUL'S GARAGE. 'Phone 198. 10

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

CORDWOOD WANTED—Wanted any quantity of cordwood, slabs or bundled edgings. TRENT VALLEY LUMBER CO., Limited, 95 King St., East, Toronto. 'Phone Elgin 5754 or Elgin 7972. 13-c

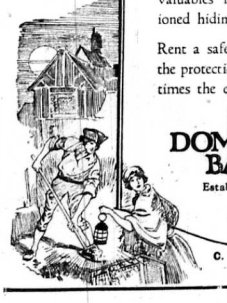
HOUSE FOR SALE—The home of the late Mrs. Florence Casey Ostrom, frame, good repair, electric light, water service, full lot, good garden soil, Piety Hill, Napanee. Apply to U. M. WILSON, Napanee, Solicitor for the Vendor. 48-tf

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 weekly easy selling FALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

FOR SALE OR RENT—Or would exchange for town property. The west half of lot thirteen in the fifth concession of Richmond, containing one hundred acres of good land, about one mile and a half west of Selby. There is a good house, barn and other out buildings thereon. It is well watered and plenty of wood. Schoolhouse on east part of same lot. Rural mail and telephone. Can have immediate possession. Apply to MRS. C. A. KNAPP, R.D. 2, Selby, Ont. 16-d

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
Persons having claims against the estate of John Kitchen, late of the Township of Richmond, in the County of Lennox and Addington, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitors for said estate, before the 23rd day of March, A.D., 1928, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of Section 51 of Chapter 150 R.S.O., 1927.
HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE,
Solicitors for said Estate.
13-d

Affiliated with the University of Buffalo Medical and Dental Schools. Visiting Nursing Association.
3 year registered course, fitting pupils for Bedside, Public Health and Administrative Nursing.
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Salary, $15.00 a month. Food, Lodging, uniforms, laundry and books furnished free.
Straight eight hour duty. No split watches. One whole day off every seven days.
A well-conducted nursing course is a fine preparation for wifehood and a splendid opportunity to cultivate the habit of right living.
NEW CLASS NOW FORMING.
Try a Classified Adv. in The Napanee Express if you want results.

A Safety Deposit Box
Do not risk putting your valuables in some old-fashioned hiding-place.
Rent a safety deposit box—the protection is worth many times the cost.

THE DOMINION BANK
Established 1871
C. Waite, - Manager.
Napanee Branch

TOWN COUNCIL

Council Chamber,
March 19th, 1928.

Council met in regular session on Monday evening, Mayor E. J. Roy presiding.

Present—Reeve Boyes and Councillors Simpson, Daly, Ungar, Loucks, Tustin.

Minutes of the last session were read and confirmed.

Capt. A. S. Hepburn, Secretary of the Napanee Poultry Association, addressed the Council, asking that a grant of $100 or $150 be made the Association, for the purpose of buying coops to be used in the exhibition of poultry at the Lennox Fall Fair. These coops cost one dollar each, and the Association purpose securing 500 of them. The members of the Association are trying to make the exhibition of poultry at the Fair one of the main features, and one of the largest in the Province of Ontario, and are aiming at the showing of at least 1000 birds. The membership of the Napanee Poultry Association is around two hundred, and the principle object of the association is the improving of the standard and quality of poultry in the County of Lennox and Addington. He stated that an endeavor was being made to educate poultry raisers to the fact that March and April chicks meant a much heavier poundage at chicks on Poultry Days than May and June chicks. Napanee Poultry Fair is the largest in Canada, and the quality of the dressed poultry is of a high standard. A greater quantity, and an improved quality of dressed poultry for poultry days is the goal aimed at

On motion of Coun. Daly and Reeve Boyes, the question of a grant to the Poultry Association was referred to the Finance Committee to report.

Mr. W. J. Bollier addressed the Council concerning the usual grant made to the Victorian Order of Nurses. He also asked that the O.N. be given permission to hold a tag day on the second day of the Lennox Fall Fair.

On motion the request of the V.O.N. to hold a tag day was granted.

The question of a grant to the V.O.N. was referred to the Finance Committee to report.

Mr. Sam Smith addressed the council asking permission on behalf of himself and Mr. Stan. Lindsay to pasture their horses in the vacant lot surrounding the Disposal Works. They also proposed to keep the weeds cut on the property.

Request granted.

A communication was read from the Board of Education requesting that traffic signs be placed on the streets near all schools in town and that said signs be so erected were designated by the principals.

Request granted.

On motion the purchase of traffic signs asked for by the Board of Education was referred to the Police Committee, and that they be erected as soon as possible.

A communication was read from Mr. J. G. Fennell stating that if the council saw fit to appoint him Assessor for 1928 he would like his salary raised from $250 to $350.

Ordered laid on the table.

Coun. Simpson, chairman of Finance Committee presented the monthly statement of the Town Treasurer.

Report adopted.

Coun. Simpson also presented to the council the report of the Town Auditors, which was referred to the Finance Committee.

Coun. Ungar presented a verbal report in reference to some new equipment for the fire department. Prices were being secured for some new ladders and other appliances, and the construction of a trailer for carrying the ladders was under consideration. A report as to cost of same would be presented at the next regular meeting.

Coun. Daly, chairman of the Town Property Committee, presented the following report in reference to the remodelling of the town hall :

1. I Recommend that Messrs. James Proctor & Redfern's account be paid.

2. That Messrs. Thomson & Johnson, of Belleville, be engaged as architects for this work on a 5 per cent. basis, which will include inspection of the work as it progresses.

3. That Messrs. Thomson & Johnston be asked to submit plans for the interior alterations, along the lines of the blue prints attached, and for the exterior as near as possible to the sketches submitted by Messrs. James, Proctor & Redfern.

Report adopted

Coun. Tustin, chairman of Police Committee, reported that the work of placing signs on Dundas street in reference to parking, was being looked after, and that the work would soon be completed. Also that the Chief of Police had called his attention to the dog nuisance in town, and asked that the council take some steps to regulate this question. The number of dogs running around the town had become a very serious nuisance.

During the discussion of the dog nuisance some very drastic steps were advised, and the question was finally referred to the Police Committee with power to act.

Coun. Loucks, chairman of Social and Light Committee, reported that electric lamps had been placed at the south end of the river, near the suspension bridge, and also on Thomas street, just east of the C.N.R. crossing.

Report adopted.

A by-law was passed appointing John G. Fennell as assessor for the Town of Napanee for the year 1928, at a salary of $350.

The question of the licensing of butchers and prohibiting the cutting up of meat on the market square was left over until next meeting of council.

Mayor Roy asked the council for their opinion in reference to the question of a day-light saving time for the Town of Napanee.

A committee composed of Mayor Roy and Councillors Daly and Tustin were appointed to investigate and report.

ACCOUNTS.

The following accounts were ordered paid :

C. J. Maybee	34.00
V. Cowling	25 00
R. J. Gilbride	16 25
W. S. Wilson	70 15
Huffman's Grocery	13 02
W. R. McGreer	4 00
Thompson Bros	32 99
P. Gleeson	24 00
P. Gleeson	22 25
J. L. Boyes	25 65
Denison Bros	52 61

The following accounts were referred to Committees with power to act : Vine's Electric Store, $4.15, Finance ; H. Hunter $8.50, Finance ; Canadian Line Materials, Limited, $343.25, Town Property ; E. J. Pollard, $53.98, Printing ; Hydro Electric Commission and Bell Telephone Co., accounts to Town Clerk.

The Police Committee recommended that new uniforms be provided for the police officers.

Report adopted.

Roll wrapping, cotton twine in cones.
EXPRESS PRINTING OFFICE.

NOTICE TO DOG OWNERS

The Revised Statutes of Ontario, Chapter 300, Section 4, subsection 3, reads as follows:

"Every dog which is found off the premises upon which it is habitually kept without a tag and not under the control of any person, may be killed."

This is to notify all dog owners that this clause of the Act will be enforced, and on and after the 1st day of April, A.D., 1928, any dog found running at large in the streets or public places of Napanee, in contravention of the foregoing section of the Act, is liable to be destroyed without further notice to the owner.

March 20th, 1928.
F. W. BARRETT,
Chief Constable.
16-b

McGreer's Phone 226
Cash and Service Grocery
Dundas St. Napanee
Watch our Weekly Specials
That Little Store that Sells a Little Cheaper.

W. ROY McGREER

PUPIL NURSES WANTED
BUFFALO CITY HOSPITAL
462 GRIDER ST., BUFFALO, N.Y.
863 beds for he recepion of every known disease.
SIX DISPENSARIES IN CONNECTION.

DISTRICT ORATORICAL CONTEST

Munro Beattie, representing Napanee Collegiate Institute, won first place in the Toronto Star District semi-finals at Kingston, on Friday evening, March 16th, and thus qualified to enter the Provincial Finals at Toronto in April.

Eleven school champions competed at Kingston from the following schools of the district : Brockville C. I., Brockville St, Mary's ; Belleville C. I., Deseronto H. S., Kingston C. I., Napanee C. I., Prescott H. S., Seeley's Bay C. S., Wesport C. I., Cardinal H. S., Trenton H. S.

All the orations were of a high type and each speaker presented the subject, "Canada's Future" in glowing terms and from different viewpoints. The winner's easy and natural style, combined with a very clear and logical development of his subject, was the deciding point in the decision.

Mayor Craig, of Kingston, presided and at the conclusion of the evening's orations presented the District Silver Cup to the winner, to be held by the Napanee College. A cup for one year, and that presented by the Star was given to the three highest contestants, Miss Shirley Colclough, Deseronto, and Clark Elmer, Belleville won second and third place respectively.

The Napanee Collegiate winner will be sent by the Star to Toronto to compete with thirteen other district winners in the Provincial finals, in which the prize is One Hundred Dollars and the right to represent the Province in the Dominion finals. The winner of the Dominion finals will be given a free trip to Europe this summer, and will represent Canada at the International Contest in Washington in the Autumn

ADOLPHUSTOWN.

An aged resident of Adolphustown passed away on Monday, March 5th, in the person of John Prout. Mr. Prout, who had reached the advanced age of 87 years, has been in failing health for some months, but until within the last year he had been unusually active and assisted with the work in the fields last season.

Mr Ross Allison has been very busy getting material on the ground to erect a new residence in the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Allison have returned from Winter Haven, Florida, where they were visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Mendell.

Rev. A. Strothers, who has been absent a couple of months visiting in England, has reached home again.

Miss A. Magee has returned from spending a feek with relatives at Selby

DESERONTO.

Mrs. E. C. Metcalfe and her brother, Mr. Clayton Diser, of New Liskeard, left last week to spend some time in Florida. Mr. Metcalfe will follow shortly.

Miss Helen Harvey, R.N., has been appointed assistant superintendent of the new hospital in Windsor and leaves shortly to take up her duties.

Arthur Robinson, of Toronto, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Robinson.

Mr. W. H. Harvey spent a few days in Toronto this week.

The Catholic Women's League of St. Vincent de Paul's Church, held a very successful sale of home-made cooking on Saturday afternoon in the vacant store next to Robert Miller's, St. George street.

Miss Eileen Normile has returned to Windsor after spending a holiday at her home here.

Miss Florina Mahin, of Kingston, spent the week-end at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Weiss spent Friday in Kingston.

Robert Rixen, of Oshawa, spent the week-end the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Rixen.

Mrs. William Rowsom was a hostess at a jolly little St. Patrick's party in honor of her daughter, Lee, on Saturday, when about fifteen of her little friends were present. All report a good time.

FOR GOODNESS SAKE READ THIS.
To "Boost" Napanee and surrounding district and its greatest asset, the merchants and business men are engaged in using the above slogan on their stationary and and back or front of envelopes. Let the outside know that Napanee has something besides a depot. The Express has the die to put this on your office stationery and are making a special price on it. Please don't wait until you need new supplies—send in what you have on hand now—it will make it look fresher anyway. The easiest way to kill this "BOOSTING" effort is to sit back and do nothing and later on complain that the Town wants waking up—It's not the town, it's you—Do your share and send in your office stationery for printing with this emblem.
Sponsored by the Rotary Club of Napanee and the Chamber of Commerce.

SEEN FROM THE SIDELINES

Hockey is over for the season. Pads, sticks and skates are packed away until next winter, and the ice on the Arena rink is fast melting. The bruised and battered players have corked up the liniment, and are looking for some new sport to "work" now.

There is a game, which, if it could be started and properly handled, would fill in the months between accepting until baseball softball, golf and tennis are going. That game is Basketball. It is played a good deal in the Collegiate Gymnasium, where many exciting contests are played by interform teams of both boys and girls. There has also been a town team here this winter, but they have not been heard of very frequently of late. They started their season with a blaze of glory, by defeating the Kingston Y.M.C.A. team, but of late it seems that they have been swamped in every engagement, with scores against them approaching the century mark.

Why not put the game to town? It is very difficult to get a very strong following when the games are played in the Collegiate, as only the most rabid fans will walk all the way to our seat of learning. If a town league was formed, comprising the Spartans and the Athenians of the school, the already organized town team, and another team from the town who are ready to go, games played in the Armouries would draw a crowd, and make a game worthy of the popularity which it commands in other centres, and which it deserves.

There are many points in favor of the organization of such a league. It has been found here that a small local league is essential to the development of players. From the inter-church Softball League came the players who formed the Napanee Leafs, last year Bay of Quinte League champions. If a town Basketball league were formed and a few games played in the Armouries, it is very probable that enough talent would be uncovered to present a team representing Napanee another year, occupying the bottom rund of the ladder.

There are enough girl players in town to form a few games and the teams from the Collegiate who have been doing so well this year.

To start things going, the second team from the town, who have been practising lately in the Armouries, are anxious to challenge any other local team. Can a game be arranged for them? They can be communicated with through the Sideliner, care of the Express

WILD ANIMAL ON NAPANEE STREETS.

Thrilling Capture by Gallant Garagemen.

"On the cow, too, she's glad winter is over, so she's kick herself up an' start off on de race with two year ol heifer. Why, everyone crazy all over de place."—Drummond.

It required the combined efforts of the complete staff of one of local garages and most of the residents of the Hamburg Road to corral a boisterous bossie, which had been acquired by the garage proprietor on a cat deal last Monday.

It seems that the animal, which had been partly acquired by its former owner, immediately began to pine for its accustomed haunts. "Can these men," reasoned bossie, "keep me accustomed? I handle only steeds of tin, every really learn to understand me? Will I live the style to which I have become accustomed, or will I be fed on gasoline and oil? I shall take no chances. Me for home."

Forthwith she started. Her keepers may have understood how to stop a car, but a cow, which bellowed, and pawed the ground, and charged furiously at anyone who would interfere with her was quite beyond them. Bossie left on the gallop for familiar haunts. Considerable commotion was caused on her journey out of town, for she was in an enemy country, and several attempts were made to retard her progress. The harassed animal, however, was easily the victor in all these skirmishes, driving several venture-some residents to shelter.

Bossie was some distance down the Hamburg road before the posse of motor mechanics overtook and passed her. Three of the most daring, arming themselves with clubs, attempted, by means of fierce gestures and shouts to intimidate the harassed heifer, but she was made of sterner stuff than that. With a bellow of rage she butted the father of her assailants for thirty feet along the road. After that she was allowed to resume her way of comfort, while the posse, consisting of its members on the job as lookouts, went back to town for further reinforcements.

By the time these arrived, Bossie had reached the neighborhood of Shorey's cheese factory. Some of the newcomers, not realizing the danger, were persuaded to attempt to head her off again, but after sprinting madly for a few yards and diving head first through a fence, they were forced to resort to strategy. The lightest and speediest of the posse approached as near as possible and threw a snowball. Bossie wheeled about and after him at full speed. As he had a little start he was able to entice her back for several hundred yards in the right direction. Then the next cowboy tried the same scheme, with similar results. Eventually she was enticed into a stable, some bags were tied over her head, and she was finally led back to captivity through the cheering crowds on the streets, by five victorious motor mechanics.

While the victory ultimately rested with the garagemen, for some time during the chase, bossie had them thoroughly cowed.

NAPANEE CURLERS SUCCESSFUL IN KINGSTON

C. I Maybee's Rink Wins Consolation Prizes.

Last week two rinks from the Napanee Curling Club were entered in the annual Kingston Bonspiel. They were eliminated from the first prizes, the Kingston rink skipped by Mr. A. G. H. Travers, winning these, but C. I. Maybee's rink took the second set of trophies.

The rinks were :

Dr. McLaughlin, Jas. Pringle, A. L. Dafoe, M. P. Graham, skip. Mack Herrington, D. F. Killorin, H. W. Huffman, E. A. Maybee, skip.

Although M. P. Graham's rink was eliminated after playing four games, they were successful in defeating the rink skipped by Bob Wray, of Belleville, who did so well in the recent Toronto Bonspiel.

C. I. Maybee's rink won six games and lost only one.

TYPEWRITING CONTEST

Napanee's first typewriting contest was held in the Collegiate Institute on Thursday, March 15th. The local contest was put on by Mr. Fred Jarrett, the Canadian Contest judge. The conditions and rules under which the speed contest was held were the same as the International Contest and the test was conducted strictly according to these rules.

The nervousness which is usually incident to an initial test affected the speed of nearly all the contestants to whom such a test was new, and the records made were somewhat below the usual speed of the winners. Mr. Jarrett complimented the Collegiate pupils and graduates on the splendid showing made on the opening test, and suggested that the winners enter the Canadian Contest on the 24th of March.

The results of the contest were as follows :

NOVICE CLASS.

Open to typists who have taken no instructions in typewriting previous to last August.

Prizes : Highest net speed—Thos. R. Robinson Cup. Miss Lenore Black. Net speed for 15 minutes, 49 words per minute.

Highest accuracy with minimum speed of 30 words per minute—Silver medal donated by Mr. R. C. Root. Miss Marion Cairns, speed 43. Accuracy, 99.5%.

INTERMEDIATE CLASS

Open to typists who were novices last year.

Highest Net Speed—The J. G. Daly Cup.

Highest Accuracy—Silver Medal donated by Mr. C. A. Wiseman. Miss Gladys Parrott, speed 50 words per minute. Accuracy, 99.7%.

SENIOR CLASS.

Open to any typist resident in Napanee for six months.

Highest Net Speed—The E. J. Roy Cup—Miss Mary Rogers, Net Speed, 63 words per minute.

Highest Accuracy—Silver Medal. Miss Irma McKim, Speed 58 words per minute. Accuracy, 99.5%.

Mr. Jarrett, who was for several years the champion of Canada, gave a talk and demonstration to the commercial pupils at the Collegiate in the afternoon.

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

PLEASANT VALLEY.

About forty of the neighbors gave Mr. and Mrs. George Dupree a surprise party Tuesday evening ; taking their baskets and having supper and spending a delightful evening together.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Pringle entertained a number of friends Wednesday evening.

Mrs. and Mrs. Owen Young attended the funeral of her grandmother, Mrs. McBride, on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Dupree and Mr. and Mrs. A. Uens called one evening last week at Mr. Kimmett's.

Miss Eileen Pringle is stopping with Mrs. Rankin, while Mr. Rankin is in Rochester attending the funeral of his brother.

Mrs. Jesse Sulles has returned home, after spending a week with her sister, Mrs. Bell, Belleville.

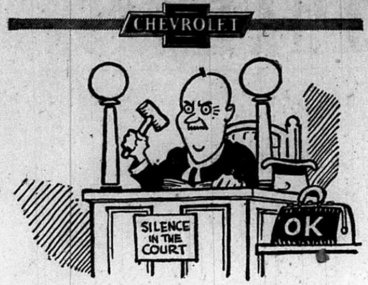
Mrs. Chas. Rombough spent the week-end at Mr. Frank Vandebogart's.

COMING :-: EVENTS

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC for the pre-school child is held each Thursday, 2 to 4, in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf

EUCHRE AND DANCE—The next regular euchre and dance will be held in the rooms of Napanee Lodge No. 86 (Oddfellows' Temple Building) on Wednesday, March 21st. All Oddfellows and their friends cordially invited.

CHEVROLET



The Call to Order

WHEN you call to order a Good Used Car, it will pay you to look for the O. K. tag on the car you select. That is your surest way of identifying the cars that have been carefully checked and fairly represented. The Used Cars bearing the Chevrolet O. K. tag (whatever make of cars they may be) are honest values. The car's condition is noted right on the tag and everything is exactly as represented. Come in and see these values:—

1927 Chevrolet Coupe......$575
1927 Ford Coach, wire wheels $525
1927 Chevrolet Coach......$600
1927 Chevrolet Landau.....$800

USED CARS
with an OK that counts

C. A. WISEMAN,
Napanee, Ont.

OK-228C

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

REVIEW: JESUS PROCLAIMS THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

Sunday, March 25th.

Golden Text—And Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues and preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, and healing every sickness and every disease among the people. (Matt. 9:35.)

How did the Lord Jesus Christ do what the title of our review says—proclaim the Kingdom of God? The lessons of the Quarter give us the answer. He proclaimed the Kingdom of God by word of mouth, preaching (Mark 1:14); by teaching, which is different from preaching (1:21,22); by countless miracles, or signs; by the commissioning and empowering of His twelve disciples to preach and work the same miracles (3:14, 15; 6:7, 12, 13); and so surely by the sheer power of His person, His divine presence—for there had never before been on earth or in Heaven a man like this Man, nor will there ever be again. He is in Heaven today, at the right hand of God, in the body in which He lived and died, and was raised again; and He is coming again to this earth in that risen and glorified body, to establish His Kingdom on earth.

The Review Golden Text is significant It tells how the Lord proclaimed the Kingdom. A teacher can profitably spend a large part of the review lesson time on that Golden Text, for it is so comprehensive in its statement of the life and ministry of Christ.

Let us not dodge or evade, but rather welcome and rejoice in the fact that Christ worked miracles continually throughout His public and private ministry. This review lesson is an opportunity to speak a ringing word in classes, Sunday schools and churches concerning the miracles, because a well-known preacher and writer on these lessons has been sadly misrepresenting and denying them. He says that the miracles of healing may be explained by the influence of the mind on the body, or by the "restorative powers of faith"; that the cure of demon-possession may have been Christ's "wonderful power to tranquilize and restore victims of mental derangement"; that there may have been exaggeration in the narratives of the nature miracles, such as stilling the tempest, feeding the multitude, and raising the dead, and how one may "doubt their actuality without in the least doubting the divine authority of Jesus."

The fallacy of this is that the only evidence we have for the divine authority of Jesus is the Scriptures that record these miracles. If one is false, mistaken, or exaggerated, why not the other?

Again, this unscriptural Modernist teacher says: "Jesus did not work miracles to establish His authority." Yet when John the Baptist, imprisoned, whose faith was wavering, sent his disciples to ask Christ, "Art Thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" the Lord told them to "go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see: The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in Me." (Matt. 11:4-6).

Of the very first of our Lord's miracles the apostle John tells us: "This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Gaiilee, and manifested forth his glory; and His disciples believed on Him" (John 2:11.)

Yes, the miracles were indeed the credentials of Christ, the manifestation of His glory, evidence that He was the one predicted in the Old Testament Scriptures; they not only proclaimed the Kingdom of God, but they proclaimed that the King was there

Among the miracles and supernatural manifestations of the Quarter's lessons are the following:

When John baptized Christ the heavens opened, the Spirit descended upon Him like a dove, a voice from Heaven said, "Thou art My beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased—(1:10-11).

Our Lord's wilderness experience with Satan, wild beasts and angels (1:12-13).

Casting an unclean spirit out from a man in the synagogue (1:23-27).

Healing Simon's wife's mother (1:30, 31).

Healing the diseased and devil-possessed of an entire city (1:32-34).

Healing a leper (1:40-45).

Healing a conspicuous sinner who was palsied (2:1-12.)

Healing the man with the withered hand (3:1-5).

Giving His disciples power to heal and cast out devils (3:13-15).

Healing as many as touched but the border of His garment (6:55, 56.)

Healing a few sick folks even in the midst of unbelief in Nazareth (6:1-6.)

Stilling a storm at sea (4:37-41).

Healing and conquering an unconquerable demoniac (5:1-8).

Showing authority over the spirit world and animal world (5:11-13).

Healing a disease, chronic for twelve years, by the touch of His garment (5:24-29).

Raising Jarius's daughter (5:23-42.))

Feeding five thousand men, in addition to women and children, with five loaves and two fishes (6:38-44).

If, in one Quarter's lessons in the life of Christ, covering only the first eight chapters of the shortest of the four Gospels, we find that the Holy Spirit records 18 different miracles or groups of miracles—the latter including, perhaps hundreds of miracles—can we, as reverent believers, do other than recognize the profoundest significance in these stupendous acts of God? The Modernist preacher says: "I am quite sure I am not qualified to say what miracles are possible and what are not." Exactly; and therefore the Holy Spirit, who is qualified, has told us with inerrant accuracy just what they are. The unbelieving preacher continues: "It is largely a question of evidence, and on that each must form his own judgment and then not be too positive." The evidence is conclusive in the inspired Scriptures; and one can never be too positive that the Word of God is true

Because we have a Saviour who could and did work all the miracles that are recorded in the Scriptures, and "many other signs truly did Jesus, in the presence of His disciples, which are not written in this book," "and there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written everyone, I suppose, that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written," therefore we have a Saviour who "is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."

And le us never forget that "These (miracles) are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through His name" (John 20:31).

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ROBT. LIGHT.
44tf

CAUSE OF FALL IN EXPORT OF EGGS

Canada's egg exports have been gradually diminishing during recent years until in 1927 they amounted to only 448,206 dozen as compared with over 6,500,000 dozen in 1921. This falling off in the export of eggs started with the inauguration of standardized egg grades in this country. As was pointed out in a recent statement of the Dominion Live Stock Branch, this policy of classifying all eggs according to definite grades has brought about a tremendous increase in the domestic consumption of the product. In fact, the per capita consumption of eggs in Canada has increased from 16.8 dozen in 1920 to nearly 30.0 dozen in 1927. During these years there has been a steady increase in the production of eggs, but as a matter of fact this growing production has not kept pace with the increased rate of consumption with the result that the increase in exports has taken place.

Another cause of the fall in the export of eggs during 1927 was the fact that prices in Canada were above those prevailing in world markets. Practically all egg exports from Canada are a storage product, and the system of uniform grading and government certification to which they have been subjected has enabled them to command a premium over all other eggs on the British market. During 1927, however, prices here were so much higher than in England that export in quantity was impossible. As an example of this, Irish storage eggs were selling in England in October and December for 38 to 39 cents a dozen, while storage Extras, the grade which would ordinarily have been shipped to England, were selling in Montreal and Toronto at 45 to 47 cents.

NEW RESOURCES FOUND.

Valuable Lands and Water Power Discovered.

Each year in Canada surveys are pushed farther into the hinterland and each advance discloses valuable resources of which citizens had not previously been aware. The Peace River district has been popularly thought of as the last "inland empire" in that direction, but an engineer of the topographical survey of the Department of the Interior during the summer of 1927 penetrated west and north of the outermost edge of Peace River and found a land of fertile grassy hills, of high rolling open plateaus upon which roam flocks of Rocky Mountain goat and bighorn sheep and herds of caribou, and where the grizzy bear takes his ease with dignity. The country is drained by clear, cold, fish-teeming rivers and streams which have their rise in the glaciers of the main range of the Rockies to the west.

A train journey of eighteen hours north and west from Edmonton brings one to the town of Peace River, Alberta, on the banks of the river of the same name. About 250 miles up stream from Peace River is Hudson Hope, B.C., a Hudson Bay Company post at the head of navigation for river steamers. The great new country lies beyond, and one of its most interesting natural features, some 70 miles northwest of Hudson Hope, is the falls on the Graham river, where the stream makes a sheer drop of 220 feet over a perpendicular rock.

Another source of wonder is the Nelson river, the most southerly tributary of the Liard river, with its canyon 1,000 feet deep extending 40 miles easterly from the mountains. The river itself was crossed on a raft last summer by the exploratory party, a procedure that was fraught with danger and excitement.

The exploration extended in general over an area 80 miles west and 175 miles north of Hudson Hope.

ABBEY MAY BE ENLARGED.

Why Westminster Is Enshrined In the Heart of Eng : People.

The proposal to extend Westminster Abbey, or, to give the sacred building its legal title, the Collegiate Church of St. Peter in Westminster, to make room for further memorials, raises the interesting question: Why should this church, not a cathedral, loom larger than York Minster, Canterbury Cathedral, and St. Paul's in the eyes of the English-speaking world? And why should it be the invariable scene of our coronations and royal weddings, and the most fitting burial-place for our illustrious dead? asks an Old Country paper.

The exceptional importance of the abbey takes origin from the fact that the shrine holds the remains of the last of the old English kings, Edward the Confessor. We have almost forgotten to-day the extraordinary veneration with which this monarch was regarded by all. A magnificent church was built around his shrine. To be crowned at his graveside gives additional sanctity to the rite, and to be buried near his ashes is the highest honor man can wish.



Is this true of your town?

Just as there are farmers who make very good money by intensively cultivating a few acres, so there are merchants in small towns who do a *surprisingly* large business.

Of course, they too cultivate their territory intensively. They don't wait for their customers to come to them—they go to their customers with frequent offers of what they know will tempt them. And they seem to sell everybody.

So regularly do they keep in touch with their customers that their offers of merchandise are eagerly awaited, and are read as if they were news—which they are.

These merchants use Long Distance frequently, to order goods for prompt shipment or to fill in sizes—and they find it good business to call important customers by Long Distance to advise them of opportunities.

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719

GREAT CITY IN CONGO

More Than Half the Wealth of Belgian Possession Due to One Mineral Area.

Down in the southern corner of the Belgian Congo is a town that is fast becoming one of the great cities of Africa. This is Elizabethville, near the copper mines from which more than half the wealth of the Congo is won. Twenty years ago lions roamed through the untouched jungle where now the flourishing town stands.

Sit in a basket chair outside one of the cafes, under the flamboyant trees, and survey this outpost of Belgium in the tropics. Rough tin shacks stand next to modern showrooms and cement business houses. A large airplane flying low, awakes the town with the droning of three engines. This beautiful white machine has come from Boma, at the Congo mouth, thousands of miles across the unexplored jungles of the Kasai, with mails from Europe. It is typical of the progress that has been made in the very heart of Africa.

In winter keen, healthy winds sweep over the plateau on which Elizabethville is built, but during the sweltering summer there are outbreaks of malaria and the dread blackwater fever. Children die of minor ailments that would mean nothing in more temperate lands.

Black convicts, chained lightly neck to neck, march past with their warders. White people ride in smart motor cars, or on bicycles. Here is a mother, pedalling up the road with her baby in a basket on the handlebars. There is a young Belgian with a black beard, dressed like a hunter in enormous helmet and khaki riding breeches. The military officers in their white tropical uniforms are sturdy fellows. They are here to train a black army, just as France has done further north. There is no doubting the efficiency of the barefooted native soldiers, who come tramping down the street in faultless column.

Sun helmets need not be worn during the winter, and the hats of the women are exquisite. Nowhere in South Africa is there such variety as in the shops which cater to women. Even the native women have copied something of the elegance of their mistresses. They wear their gaudy cotton print with grace and style..

Like many mining centres, Elizabethville has to live largely out of tins and bottles and boxes. Fruit and vegetables do not thrive. We are sated with tough meat at every meal, but there is little other fresh food. The grocers keep good stocks of delicacies pleasing to Belgian palates—such as Russian caviar, tinned trout, pate de foie gras and petit pois. Greatest of all luxuries are iced oysters, sent up by rail from Cape Town—a six days' journey.

Every mansion and villa in Elizabethville has an immense antheap in the garden. These grotesque red mounds are put to all sorts of strange uses. Telegraph poles and electric light standards are planted in them. Some people burrow into their antheaps and turn them into storerooms and garages. Others build summer houses on antheaps higher than their homes. Antheaps may be used as ovens. Sometimes, of course, the ants return. There is a story that a man lost all the eatable parts of his automobile in this way The ant is Africa's most voracious insect.

Looking south down the wide streets of Elizabethville one may see two bush-covered hills, and they are in Rhodesia. The border is still vogue. When it has been settled the Belgians fear that valuable territory, including the present frontier station and at least one mine, will become British.

Reindeer Meat.

Reindeer meat may find its way to the dining-rooms of Western Canada if the plans of the Dominion Reindeer Company are successful. This organisation, which is now actively engaged in the reindeer business in Alaska is moving 4,000 fawns this spring to a lease of 300,000 acres in the McKenzie river territory, which is being granted by the Federal Government. It is estimated that sales of reindeer meat in 1929 will be $9,000 increasing to $45,000 in the following year.

COST OF RAISING PIGS TO WEANING AGE

(Experimental Farms Note).

The production of pork forms one of the more important lines of animal industry on the farms of Canada, as is shown by the fact that in 1926 there were 4,470,771 pigs in Canada. While the raising of hogs is thus receiving considerable attention at the present time, there are many farmers who do not appreciate the importance of this branch of animal production. Pigs are economical producers of meat when fed skim milk, whey, garbage, grain and other products and by-products of the farm. In fact they are inseparable from the most successful operation of dairy farms except where the whole milk is sold.

The keeping of hogs is always associated with a well balanced and progressive agriculture.

For the economical and successful raising of pigs, the value of good sows as to type and prolificacy cannot be over-emphasized. Careful feeding and proper care are also very important if the best results are to be obtained.

At the Dominion Experimental Station, Kapuskasing, Ontario, where a number of pure-bred Yorkshire sows of good type are kept, the breeding records as well as the total amount of feed consumed during each of the following periods are recorded: (1) from weaning to farrowing; (2) from farrowing until the pigs are weaned.

During the four years, 1924 to 1927 inclusive, six hundred and thirty-five pigs were raised to weaning age. These represented seventy-nine litters, an average of eight pigs per litter. Over a period of 193 days, the average number of days from weaning to farrowing, each sow consumed an average of 1159 pounds of grain. This, plus a small charge for pasture, cost $23.55. From farrowing until the pigs were weaned, a period of 58 days, the sows consumed an average of 696 pounds of grain plus some skim-milk, which cost 14.72 per sow. When $2.00 is added for the service fee, it is found that the service and the feed cost of the sow and her litter is $40.27 from the time the last litter was weaned until the next liter is ready to wean. Therefore the average cost of the pigs at that age is $5.03 each.

The number of litters farrowed per sow each year, as well as the number of pigs in each litter, are two factors which greatly influence the cost. It is also true that every time a nursing sow loses a young pig the cost of the others is relatively increased.

Fairy Cow for Wales.

White cows are considered unlucky by some farmers in Wales and they sell £10 to £15 cheaper than other cows. The assumption is that they are too like the Fairy Cow, "the milk-white milch cow" of tradition in Wales.

A Kingly Nose of Wax.

Basil I. of Russia had a wax nose, his own having been severed by a sword. Unaware of this, the German ambassador and his suite were once terrified at seeing Basil's nose drop off during a court ceremonial.

Wha. She Wanted.

A little girl went into a butcher's shop. "What do you want, my little woman?" said the butcher.

"A sheep's head, and mother says will you cut it off as near the tail as possible!"

HOW TO DETECT AMERICAN FOUL BROOD

(Experimental Farms Note).

Bees, as other live stock, are subject to disease. Of the few diseases affecting the brood of bees, American Foul Brood is considered the worst; for, unless the beekeeper intervenes to save the colony, it will eventually die. It is, therefore, the business of every beekeeper to learn how to detect it.

When the colony is first attacked, this disease is very difficult to detect, as the few larvae infected are scattered over the comb. Later, however, though scattered, indications or symptoms of the disease appear.

Before starting to examine a colony, one should secure a supply of toothpicks or sharpened matches with which to test the brood.

The mosts common symptom Foul Brood are discoloured cappings, which also are usually sunken and sometimes have irregular perforations in them as well. When such are found, the contents of a cell are tested by probing with a toothpick to find out whether the colour is the bluish white of the healthy larva or the light brown of the diseased one Should the larva have been sometime dead it will be melted down to a sticky or viscid mass which will adhere to the toothpick and string out one to two inches. As it dries, it loses its moisture until it becomes what is termed a scale which adheres so firmly to the cell wall that it is difficult to remove Sometimes when a pupa is killed by the disease, its tongue is found sticking to the roof of the cell.

To examine a comb one should hold it so that the sun will shine into the cells, by so doing scales can easily be seen. If no disease is present, the empty cells will appear clean and shining.

Should any one doubt the natur of the disease, he is advised to send a piece of the comb containing dsieased material to the Bee Division, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, where it will be diagnosed for him free of charge. Samples sent through the mails require no postage.

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"DEATH WATCH" BEETLE.

Tapping Is Nothing But the Signalling of the Male to Its Mate..

The tapping of this beetle, believed by some people to presage the approaching end of a sick person, is in reality nothing but the signalling of the male to its mate.

The insect lives in and upon old, dry timber. It eats its way inside a beam or a bedpost, but never attacks the surface.

It was this beetle which damaged the roof timbers of Westminster Hall, London, to such an extent that $500,000 had to be spent on repairs.

In old "four poster" bedsteads the beetle would eat its way, deposit its eggs, and carry on until nothing but an empty frame remained.. The "tapping would be heard by the watchers at the bedside of a sick person, in the stillness of the night, and if the invalid died they would believe that the mysterious sound was a sign of approaching death.

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The Express Printing House, Napanee.

The Plow Woman

By ELEANOR GATES,
Author of "The Biography of a Prairie Girl."

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As he came opposite the shack Marylyn was still running about in the snow, while Dallas was sweeping out some long, narrow drifts that had sifted in through window and door cracks. Squinting across at them, he recalled all at once a heated conversation that had taken place at Shanty Town the afternoon of the southward departure of a Dodge City courier. And he shook his head sorrowfully.

"Ye'll have yer han's fule before long," he advised aloud, "or it's me that's not good at guessin'." And, lifting the front of his cap, he sympathetically blew the purple bump that served him for a nose till it rang through the crisp air like a throaty bugle.

Farther on as he sat pondering deeply and letting the leaders choose their course a horseman came cantering toward him and drew rein beside his wheel. It was Lounsbury, buried to the ears in a buffalo coat.

"Sure, it's somethin' important, John, that's a-bringin' ye out t'day," cried old Michael roguishly, his brogue disclosing his identity. "It's ayther tillegrams or l-a-a-ydies."

The storekeeper colored under his visor. "It's naythe r," he mocked laughingly.

"None o' yer shillyshallin'," warned the ferryman, giving the other a playful whack with his gad. "Oi kin rade ye loike a buke."

"You can't read a book," declared Lounsbury. "But I'll tell you. I'm going to the Lancasters'."

Old Michael nodded, with a sly wink through the portholes of his mask. "Oi knowed it!" he said. Then, after fishing out a tobacco bag from under his many coats and lighting the corncob in the protecting bowl of his palms, "In that case, man, Oi got somethin' t' say t' ye."

He leaned over the wheel confidentially, and Lounsbury bent toward him, so that the smoke of the pipe fed the storekeeper's nostrils. They talked for a half hour, the one relating his story, the other putting in quick questions. At the end of their conversation Lounsbury held out his hand.

"If their letter brings him, Mike," he said, "don't you fail to let me know."

"Aye, aye," promised the pilot earnestly.

They parted. Old Michael continued his way with an easy mind, but Lounsbury was troubled. Instead of carrying, as on his former visit, good news to the little family on the bend he must now be the bearer of evil.

And when, having stalled his horse with Ben and Betty, he entered the cottonwood shack his heart smote him still more, for secretly he had hoped that he was to tell them what they already knew, but it seemed precisely the reverse. There was nothing in the appearance and actions of the Lancasters that suggested anxiety. The section boss, though his manner was not without a certain reserve (as if he half believed something was about to be wormed out of him), greeted Lounsbury good naturedly enough. Marylyn hurried up in a timid flutter to take his cap and coat, while facing him from the hearthside, her hair coiled upon her head like a crown, her gray eyes bright, her cheeks glowing, was a new Dallas.

"Well, how've you all been?" asked Lounsbury, accepting a bench.

"Oh, spright 'nough," answered the section boss, "but it's cold; it's cold. Keeps me tremblin' like a guilty nigger."

"You'll get over that," assured the other, rubbing the blood into his hands. "It's natural for you to be soft as chalk rock the first winter. You've been living south."

"Ah reckon," agreed Lancaster. He sat down beside the younger man, eying him closely. "How d' y' come t' git away fr'm business?" he queried.

"Well, you see," Lounsbury answered, "I've got an A1 man in my Bismarck store, and at Clark's there's nothing to do weekdays hardly, so I just took some tobacco to Skinney's, where the boys could get at it, and loped down here." Then playfully, "But I don't see much happening in these parts." He stretched toward a window. "The town of Lancaster ain't growing very fast."

Dallas, seated on a bench with Marylyn, looked across at him smilingly. "I'm glad of it," she declared. "We ain't used to towns."

"You folks 've never lived in one?"

"No, we never even been in one."

He puckered his forehead. "Funny," he said. "Somehow, I always think of you two as town girls."

"Aw, shucks!" exclaimed Lancaster, scowling.

But Dallas was leaning forward, interested. "That's on account of our teachers," she said. "There was a schoolhouse up the track, in Texas, and we went to it on the hand car. Every year we had a different teacher, and all of 'em came from big eastern places like New Orleans or St. Louis. So—so, you see, we kinda got towny from our schoolma'ams."

"One had a gold tooth," put in Marylyn. Her eyes, wide with recollection, were fixed upon Lounsbury.

"But you passed through cities coming north," argued the storekeeper.

"N-n-no," said Dallas slowly. "We—we skirted 'em."

"What a pity!" he turned to the section boss.

"Pity!" echoed the latter. "Huh! You save you' pity. My gals is better off ef they don' meet no town hoodlums."

It had been "soldier trash" before, now it was "town hoodlums." Lounsbury wondered why he had been allowed a second call. He glanced at the girls. There was a sudden shadow on each young face. He changed to the fire and looked hard at it. How cut off they were! Where was their happiness—except in their home? And could he tell them even that was threatened?

"Not by a long shot!" he vowed. "I'll trust old Michael."

He set himself to be agreeable, and especially toward the section boss. He told of the Norwegian at Medicine mountain and of the old man who lived with wife and children at the "little bend" up the river. He admired the Navajo blankets and explained their symbolic figures of men, animals and suns. He leaned back, clasping a knee, and branched into comical stories.

The little shack awoke to unaccustomed merriment. Lancaster warmed to the storekeeper's genial attentions and burst into frequent guffaws. Dallas and Marylyn followed his every word, breaking in from time to time with little gleeful laughs.

But in the midst of it there came from outside a startling interruption—shouts and a loud, pistol-like cracking, powdery swirls over the windows, a frightened lowing and heavy thumps against the shack.

The noise without produced a change within. Incredibly agile, Lancaster got to a pane; while Dallas, springing up, screened Marylyn and waited as if in suspense.

Dark bulks now shot past, pursued by mounted men. But very soon the herd was gone, and all was again quiet. Then followed a moment that was full of embarrassment. Keenly Lounsbury looked from father to daughter, the one striving to assume an easy air, the other incapable of hiding alarm. All at once he felt certain they shared old Michael's information. He determined to tell them that he, too, knew what and whom they feared.

"Expecting some one, Miss Dallas?" he asked tentatively.

The section boss hastened to answer. "Expectin' nothin'," he snapped. Then, to cut short any further questioning, "Dallas, y' clean forgot them mules t'day. Lawd help us, y' goin' t' let 'em starve?"

Lounsbury sat quiet, realizing that the team was but a pretext. The elder girl found her cloak, picked up a bucket and left the room. Marylyn shrank into the dusk at the hearthside. Lancaster was hobbling up and down, his crutch ends digging at the packed dirt of the floor.

The storekeeper, putting aside his determination, went on as though he had not noticed the other's attitude. "The storm was hard on the stock last night. They must 'a' drifted thirty miles with it. Our loss is big, likely. The punchers 'll bunch everything on four hoofs and drive 'em into the coulee. Cows 'll be out of the wind there and live on browse till the ground clears."

But as he was talking the section boss made himself ready for the cold. Before he had finished the elder man had disappeared.

Lounsbury was thoroughly provoked at the treatment shown him—he was hurt at the plain lack of faith. Again he considered what course to pursue. Granted the family knew all he could tell them, what could be gained by forcing the fact of his knowledge upon them? Nothing—unless it were more suspicion against himself. And if they were in ignorance—well, it was better than premature care. As before, he decided to remain silent and depend upon the pilot.

He glanced at Marylyn. On her father's departure she had moved out of the shadow. Now she was sitting bolt upright, with fingers touching the bench at either side. Her lips were half parted. She was watching Lounsbury wonderingly.

The moment their eyes met her own fell. She reached to the mantel for a beaded belt and began work upon it precipitately.

"What is the prairie princess doing?" he asked.

"Making something." She held the belt by one hand to let it slip through the other.

He reached for it. "My, it's pretty! Wish you'd make me a watch fob like that."

She flushed and dimpled. "I'd like to," she said.

"I'll wear it as an amulet." He gave her back the belt and their hands touched.

She started nervously.

"Why, Miss Marylyn!" he said gently. "You afraid of me?"

"No." It was whispered.

"Well, you mustn't be." His tone was one that might have been used to a child. "Since I rode here a month ago I've thought of you folks a lot. I'd like to do a real good turn for you. Perhaps it's because you girls seem so lonely"—

"We're not lonely," she declared. "The fort's near, and we can hear the band. And pa says there'll be three or four steamers go by next summer."

The storekeeper mentally kicked himself. "The idea of suggesting a thing like that," he growled inwardly, "when she hadn't even thought of it! John Lounsbury, you've got about as much sense as a fool mud hen."

"And," went on Marylyn, "there's the ladies at Fort Brannon. If pa"—She hesitated.

Lounsbury shook his head, smiling. "Well, I wouldn't count on them if I were you," he advised, remembering certain experiences of Bismarck belles. "Those women over there are as clannish as crows."

"Yes?" plaintively. She went at her beads again.

"As I was saying," he began once more, "I've thought of you folks a lot. Seemed as if I just had to come down today. And I brought you something. See here!" He delved into the side pockets of his coat and pulled out two books.

"O-oh!" breathed Marylyn. "Books!"

"All I had, but maybe you'll like 'em. They're love stories."

The shadow beyond the firelight claimed her again.

From the lean-to came the sound of Lancaster's voice. It was shrill with anger. A great sadness came over the storekeeper. "I wish I could come down often and look after things," he said. "You need another man around."

There was a short silence. Then, "Dallas likes the work outside," she answered very low, "and driving Ben and Betty up and down."

He nodded. "But you?"

"I like to stay in and sew."

"'Stay in and sew,'" he mused. "That takes me back to the states.



"What is the prairie princess doing?" he asked.

My dear mother sits by the fire and sews. Ah!"—with big brotherly tenderness—"I hope you'll never have to do anything harder."

"Dallas won't let me work outside. She says she's the man."

Dallas—the man! Somehow it stung him. And then he heard the elder girl pushing an armful of hay before the eager noses of the mules. He got up quickly. "She is tending to those beasts!" he exclaimed. "Why, if I'd 'a' thought"—

She rose also, a wavering figure in the half light.

He picked up hat and coat, then halted. If he offered his help in the lean-to what would be his reception? He felt utterly hampered and began twirling his thumbs like a bashful cowboy. Moreover, Lancaster had been gone a good while. Was his absence a hint for his visitor to go?

The storekeeper went up to Marylyn. "Goodby," he said. "I must be hiking along."

She put a trembling hand in his.

The latch clicked behind them, and the section boss entered. Again the younger girl started, and consciously.

Lancaster banged the door and looked them over. "Huh!" he snorted meaningly. So—he had misled himself with the idea that Lounsbury had come to pry into the matter of the claim. And all the while, underneath, the storekeeper had had another object.

He jerked at the bench, dropped upon it and flung his crutches down.

The other saw the look and heard the sniff. He believed they arose from the fact that he was still there. "Just going, Lancaster," he said. "So long."

"S' long."

"Goodby, Miss Marylyn. Merry Christmas and happy New Year." He gave her a hearty smile.

"Goodby." She opened the door for him.

John Lounsbury passed out, regretting that he had been unwelcome; indignant that the section boss had misjudged his interest in the ownership of the claim. But he would have been astounded if he had known the real nature of the false impression he was leaving with Evan Lancaster or had read the thoughts of the younger girl, country reared, unused to the little courtesies of speech and action. For there were two who had misunderstood him that day.

CHAPTER V.

SQUAW CHARLEY crouched dull eyed, among the dogs. The dark folds of his blanket were drawn tight over his tattered waist. Close around his feet, which were shod in old and cracking moccasins, was tucked his fringed skirt. An empty grain sack covered his head and shielded his face from the wind. As an icy gust now and then filtered in through the chinks of the stockade wall and swept him he swayed gently back and forth, while the tailless curs snuggling against him whined in sympathy and fought for a warmer place. For the kennel roof of shingles, put up in one corner of the inclosure as a protection for the pack, had served only during the week that followed the storm to prevent the pale beams of the winter sun from reaching the pariah and his dumb companions.

Presently the flap of a nearby lodge was flung aside. An Indian woman emerged and threw a handful of bones toward the shelter. At once Squaw Charley awoke to action. Shedding sack and blanket, he scrambled forward with the half starved, yelping beasts to snatch his portion.

His bone picked clean of its little, the pariah resumed his crouching seat once more, and the pack closed quietly about him, licking his face and the hands that had cuffed them as with much turning and shivering they settled down to sleep.

A warrior stalked proudly past, ignoring both his disgraced brother and the sentries that paced the high board walk at the wall's top. Two Indian lads approached, chattering to each other over the heart shaped horn tops they were swinging on buckskin strings and tarried a moment to scoff. Squaw Charley paid no heed to either brave or boys. His face was hidden, his eyes shut. He seemed, like the dogs, to be sleeping.

Of a sudden there came a shrill summons from a distant wigwam, and the pariah sprang up eagerly. Afraid-of-a-Fawn stood in the tepee opening, her evil face with its deep scar thrust forward to look about.

"Skunk!" she shrieked as he hurried toward her, and her long black teeth snapped together. "A fire!" Then she spat to cleanse her mouth.

Squaw Charley hastened back to the shingle roof for an armful of fuel. Returning he entered the wigwam and knelt beneath the smokehole. And while he arranged the sticks carefully upon a twist of grass the aged crone hovered, hawklike, over him, ready with fist or foot for any lack of haste or failure with the fire. Not until with flint and steel he lighted a strip of spongy wood and thrust it under the dry hay and a flame leaped up and caught the soot on a hanging kettle did she leave him and go on a quest for breakfast rations.

The pariah had not dared to lift his eyes from his task while the hag was watching. But now he stole a swift glance toward the back of the lodge, where the maid, Brown Mink, was reclining, and his dull eyes, like the fuel at his knees, leaped into sudden flame. But, with the deftness of a woman, he kept on putting bits of wood into the mounting blaze.

Brown Mink did not look his way. She lay on a slanting frame of saplings held together by a network of thongs. The gay blanket on which she had ridden during the march was folded under her. A buffalo robe was spread over her bead wrought leggings and shoes, its hairy side under, its tanned face, which was gaudily painted, uppermost. Festoonings of beads fell from her neck to the top of her richly embroidered skirt and heavy eardrops of gilt pushed through the purple black masses of her hair.

Squaw Charley fed his sight gladly with her loveliness, thankful that she, who once had looked upon him kindly, did not now turn to see his squalor. The blaze was thawing his chilled limbs and fast warming him; the brass pot was singing merrily. He kept his hands gratefully near it, and as from time to time the girl held up her arms admiringly to let the firelight shine upon her bracelets and pinchbeck rings he watched her furtively from half closed eyes.

But not for long. Afraid-of-a-Fawn soon returned with meat and meal and, cursing, ordered him away.

"Off, Ojibway coward," she cried. "to the dogs! But see that there is wood for tonight's cooking and tomorrow's."

The pariah gave the fire under the kettle a last touch and slunk out hastily into the snow. The hag pursued him, moving backward and pulling after her the partly dressed hide of a black tailed deer.

"Make it ready for the cutting board," she bade and threw the piece of hard stone for the fleshing so that it split the pariah's cheek.

Squaw Charley took up the hide and dug in the snow for the stone.

A young warrior was lingering at the lodge flap, blowing spirals of kinnikinick. He burst into a laugh. "Ho, ho!" he taunted. "The squaw of a squaw drudges today. Ho, ho!"

The crone joined in the laugh. Then, "Standing Buffalo may enter," she said and respectfully led the way into the wigwam.

The pariah heard, yet did not pause. But when among the dogs again he cleaned at the deer hide with short, swift strokes, a light once more flamed up in his dull eyes—a light unlike the one that had burned in them at Brown Mink's fireside.

He was still working diligently, the sack over his head as before, when, about the middle hour of the day, Lieutenant Fraser entered the sliding panel of the stockade and began to go rapidly from lodge to lodge, as if in search of some one. Seeing the intruder, the dogs about Squaw Charley bounded up, hair bristling and teeth bared.

The outcast laid aside his rubbing stone and strove to quiet them. But the sudden commotion under the roof had already attracted the young officer. Stooping, he caught a glimpse of Squaw Charley.

"Oh, there you are!" he exclaimed and motioned for him to come forth.

When the Indian appeared, the deerskin in his arms, Lieutenant Fraser pointed toward the entrance. "You come with me," he said, with a gesture in the sign language.

Squaw Charley moved slowly along with him. No one was in sight in the inclosure—no one seemed even to be looking on. But, opposite Brown Mink's lodge, the old woman dashed out, seized the hide with a scream of rage and dashed back again. The next moment Charley passed through the sliding panel and took up his march to headquarters.

"So this is your last wild pet, eh, Robert?" said Colonel Cummings as they entered. He backed up to his stove and surveyed Squaw Charley good naturedly. "Let me see, now. You've run the scale from a devil's darning needle to a baby wolf. Next thing, I suppose, you'll be introducing us to a youngish rattlesnake."

Lieutenant Fraser rumpled his hair sheepishly. "But you ought to see the way they're treating him—banging him around as if he were a dog."

"H'm. He certainly doesn't look strong."

"They work him to death, colonel."

The commanding officer laughed. "A redskin working must be a sight for sore eyes."

"But they don't feed him, sir."

The outcast, wrapped close in his blanket, lifted his pinched face to them.

"How'd it happen I didn't notice this fellow during the march?" inquired the colonel, a trifle suspiciously.

"He was with the squaws when there was anything to do, but when we were on the move he fell to the rear."

"Didn't try to get away?"

"No. Just straggled along."

"Ah! Do you know whether or not he took part in the fight the day we captured them?"

At the question a swift change came over Squaw Charley. He retreated a little and bent his head until his chin rested upon his breast.

Lieutenant Fraser threw out his arm in mute reply. No feathers, no paint, no gaudy shirt or bonnet marked the Indian as a warrior.

The elder man approached the silent, shrinking figure not unkindly. "And what do you want me to do for him, Robert?" he asked.

Lieutenant Fraser sprang forward eagerly, his face shining. "He's so quiet and willing, sir—so ready to do anything he's told. I'd be grateful if you thought you could trust him outside the stockade. He could get the odds and ends from the bachelor's mess."

"I'll be hanged, Robert!" cried his superior, annoyed. "Most men, just out of West Point, have an eye to killing redskins, not coddling 'em."

The other crimsoned. "I'm sorry you look at it that way, colonel," he said. "I'm ready to punish or kill in the case of bad ones. But—you'll pardon my saying it—I don't see that it's the duty of an officer to harm a good one."

Squaw Charley raised his head and shifted timidly from foot to foot.

"Well, Robert," said Colonel Cummings quietly, "you still have the eastern view of the Indian question. However, let me ask you this: Has this man a story, and what is it? For all you know, he may deserve being 'banged around.'"

Lieutenant Fraser was shaking his head in answer when swift came one from the pariah. He searched in his bosom, under the tattered waist, drew out the rag bound paper and handed it to the commanding officer.

Very carefully the latter read it, his interest growing with every line. Finally, giving it over to the lieutenant, he smiled at Squaw Charley.

"That tells the tale," he said. "I knew the man that wrote that when I was with Sibley in Minnesota, the summer after the massacre. He's a man that writes the truth. He talks the truth, too, and I wish I had him here now, so that he could interpret for me."

"Why, sir," exclaimed the younger men, "it says this chap knows English!"

"By all the gods! Of course it does. Robert, I'll make him my interpreter." The colonel strode up and down in his excitement, pausing only to contend with the other for the paper. "Red Moon," he said at last, motioning the pariah forward, "do you know what I am saying to you?"

Squaw Charley nodded.

"Good, good! This is fortunate. Now we can have a talk with these Sioux." He addressed the Indian again. "And you speak English?" he asked.

There was a second grave nod.

"You shall be my interpreter, Red Moon. You shall have a log house near the scouts, and the great father at Washington will pay you. You shall have double rations for yourself and your squaw, and more if you have papooses. What do you say to that?"

Squaw Charley had not taken his eyes from the other's face for an instant while he was talking. Now, for answer, he shook his head slowly and sadly from side to side.

"Don't want to?" cried the colonel.

"I'll tell you, sir," interposed Lieutenant Fraser, studying the paper. "I don't believe he ever speaks. You'll notice that it says here, 'but he has never.' I can't be sure, but I think the next word is 'spoken.'"

"Vow of silence?"

"Something of the kind. Captain Oliver has been telling me about these bucks that are degraded, and I don't believe that, even if this fellow spoke, the rest of the tribe would treat with us through him."

"That's probably true."

"They've made a squaw of him, sir."

Deep humiliation instantly showed in the pariah's eyes and posture. He looked at Lieutenant Fraser imploringly and drew his blanket still more closely about him. Then, as with a sign he was bidden to put it off, he suddenly let it drop to the floor.

"Great Scott!" cried the colonel. "He's dressed like one!"

"His punishment, sir. And he won't be taken back as a warrior till he does some big deed."

"What does that paper say again? 'Out of the weakness of the flesh he wept under the tortures of the sun dance.' So that's the cause of his trouble! What did they do to you, Red Moon?"

To reply Squaw Charley quickly divested himself of the calico waist and turned about. And Colonel Cummings, uttering his horror, traced with tender finger the ragged, ghastly seams that lined the pariah's back.

"Muscles torn loose," he said. "Not old wounds either." As Squaw Charley resumed waist and blanket he looked on pityingly.

"I'll give him his freedom," he said when the outcast stood ready to depart. "He can come and go in the post as he likes. Robert, see that the adjutant understands my order. Now let him get something to eat in the kitchen."

When Squaw Charley's hunger had disappeared before the enforced and rather nervous generosity of Colonel Cummings' black cook and Lieutenant Fraser had left him he hurried away from headquarters. Making his way to the sentry line north of Brannon, he gathered firewood along the Missouri until dark.

• • • • • • •

The lantern had been out for an hour in the cottonwood shack. Father and daughters were asleep. But at the end of that time Dallas was suddenly awakened by the sound of loud stamping and rending in the lean-to. Ben and Betty, roused by the fear of something, were plunging and pulling back on their halter ropes. Startled, her heart beating wildly, the elder girl crept softly to the warped door.

Her father and sister still slept, undisturbed by the noise in the stable, which now quieted as abruptly as it had begun. Dallas heard the team begin to feed again. And from outside the shack there came only a faint rustle. Was it the uncovered meadow grass of the eaves as the wind brushed gently through it or the whisper of moccasins on snow?

• • • • • • •

Later, when Squaw Charley entered the sliding panel of the stockade, he crept noiselessly toward the shingle roof. But he was not to gain it unseen. Afraid-of-a-Fawn, who had been looking about for him, hailed him savagely as he neared.

"Wood for the morning fire," she demanded.

By the light streaming out of a nearby lodge she saw that Squaw Charley was looking at her defiantly. She set upon him, cursing and kicking, and drove him before her to the shelter.

"The pig!" she cried. "Running free since the sun was at the center of the



"Wood for the morning fire," she demanded.

sky and yet not a stick! May a thousand devils take the coward! He quakes like an aspen!"

Squaw Charley was indeed trembling, but only with the cold, and soon, under the shingle roof, the snuggling dogs would warm him. Blows and abuse counted nothing this night. He was fed, freedom was his, and he had paid a debt of gratitude.

CHAPTER VI.

"DAD, what's the day after tomorrow?"

Evan Lancaster pursed his mouth and thoughtfully contemplated his elder daughter.

"Ah c'd figger it out," he declared after a puzzled silence, "ef Ah had th' almanac." He hunted about, found the pamphlet and began to study the December page. "Trouble is," he said at last, "Ah don' know no day t' figger fr'm—Ah los' track 'way back yonder at th' fore part o' th' month. 'Sides, Ah kain't say whether this is Tuesday er Wednesday er Thursday. Mar'lyn, d' you remember w'at day o' th' week it is?"

Marylyn left the farther window and walked slowly forward. As she halted beside her sister the latter put an arm about her tenderly and drew her close. A change had recently come over the younger girl—a change that Dallas had not failed to see, yet had utterly failed to understand. Marylyn still performed her few tasks about the house, but with absentminded carelessness. Her work done, she took up the long neglected vigil at the windows, spending many quiet and seemingly purposeless hours there—all unmindful that the beaded belt lay dusty and unfinished on a shelf. Only by fits and starts was the shack enlivened by her happy chatter. At all other times she was wistful and distrait. Now, as she answered her father, a faltering light crept into her eyes.

"The last time Mr. Lounsbury was here," she said hesitatingly, "it was the 6th, and today is"—

"Ah c'n git it," the section boss interrupted. After a moment's tallying on his fingers he sat back and clapped his knees in excitement. "W'y, Dallas," he cried, "th' day after t'morrow 's the end o' thet man's six months!"

Dallas released Marylyn. "Yes," she said, watching the younger girl wander back mechanically to the post she had forsaken. "And tomorrow you ought to start for Bismarck. Maybe it wouldn't matter if you waited awhile before going, but as long as the weather's good I think you ought to go right off."

"Ah reckon," he replied, but not heartily.

And so once more preparations for a trip were made. That night, when all was ready and Dallas and her father having given the team a late feed, were leaving the stable together, she spoke to him of her sister.

"There's just one thing that worries me about your leaving," she said. "I don't know if you've noticed it or not, but Marylyn don't seem to be feeling good."

"Y' think mebbe she takes after her ma?" ventured the section boss.

Dallas nodded.

"No, no," he said, "she favors me, an' they's no need t' fret. They's nothin' th' matter with her—jus' off her oats a leetle, thet's all."

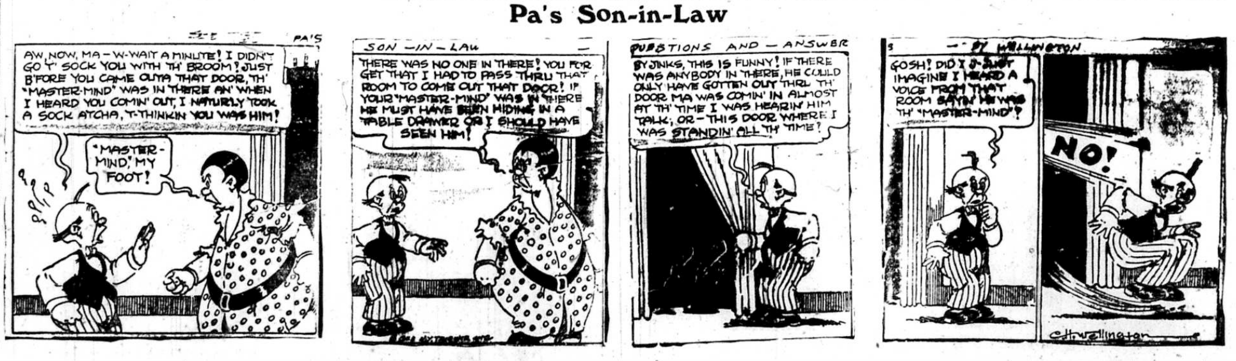
The developments of the next morning swept every thought from Dallas' mind save those concerning the journey. For when it came time to harness the mules she found that Ben had unaccountably gone lame. Whether his mate had kicked him or whether he had sprained a leg while exercising the previous afternoon she did not know. But it was plain that, so far as he went, the miles between quarter section and land office were impossible. At once Dallas suggested that Betty be driven single to a small pung

(Continued on page 5)

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

A small "Want Adv." in the columns of The Napanee Express will bring results.

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Tweed Advocate Editor Dies in Toronto.

Samuel G. Way, Editor of the Tweed Advocate and owner of the Dominion Foundries in that town, died in the General Hospital, Toronto, on Friday. He had been operated on for appendicitis.

Auction Sale.

S. W. Clark, Auctioneer, will sell for Mr. Sam Knapp, on lot 13, con. 5, Richmond, on Tuesday, April 3rd, at 1 p.m., choice milch cows, horses, pigs, hens, hog, wagons, sleighs, harness, mower, rake, wagon rack, gas engine, and other articles. Usual terms. 16o

St. Mary Magdalene W. A.

On Wednesday, March 21st, at 2 p.m., the W. A., of St. Mary Magdalene Church invite all the women of the Church to a meeting in the Sunday school room, to hear an address delivered by Miss VanStraubenzie, of Kingston Secretary of the Girls' branch of the diocese.

Auction Sale.

Of household furniture and dishes, at the home of Mrs. Hannah Denison, Robert street, just north of Grace Church, on Saturday, March 24th, at one o'clock, consisting of chairs, tables, bedsteads, bedding and dishes, couch and oil stoves and other articles too numerous to mention. A full list of carpenter's tools.

Obituary.

An old and respected resident passed away in the Kingston General Hospital on Thursday evening in the person of Huldah Asselstine, widow of the late M. M. VanLuwen, formerly of Morven. Of the old pioneer U. E. Loyalist stock, Mrs. VanLuwen had reached the ripe old age of 99 years, and up to a few months ago had enjoyed excellent health. The weight of years, however, began to show their effect and latterly she had been confined to her bed in the General Hospital. She is survived by one brother George Asselstine, at Moscow, and one sister, Mrs. M. Miller, Kentwood, La., as well as two daughters, Mrs. J. Irish, of Yarker, and Mrs. S. Yeomans, of Newburgh and four sons, Frank and Parker, of Sask., Alfred in N.Y., and Albert in Rouyn. The funeral was held at the White Church, Morven, on Saturday afternoon. Interment at Morven cemetery.



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GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Sermon : "Membership in the Christian Church."
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7.00—Evening worship.
Evangelistic message : "What is that in Thine Hand?"
Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.—Debate.
Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Bible Study and Prayer Meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Gretna and Anderson W.M.S.

The Women's Missionary Society of Gretna and Anderson held a very successful meeting on Thursday afternoon, March 8th, at the home of Mrs. W. Baird, with a goodly number in attendance. The chief feature of the program was the report of the Presbyterial held at Picton. Much credit is due Mrs. R. L. Card for the excellent report which was given in a very able manner. A pleasant afternoon was spent in quilting two quilts for the missionaries, after which Mrs. Baird served the ladies with a dainty buffet lunch.

Given One Year for Shooting.

One year in the Ontario Reformatory at Guelph was the sentence imposed by Mr. Justice McEvery at Belleville on Thursday, upon David Maracle, Indian, found guilty of shooting and doing bodily harm without intent. His Lordship pointed out that the prisoner might have been found guilty on the more serious charge of attempted murder, but that he was probably the innocent victim of a drunken brawl. The charge arose from the shooting of Percy Jaynes, a mute, at Maracle's home, Tyendinaga, last October 17th.

Robbery at Bath.

About 3.30 a.m., on Tuesday morning, Mr. C. J. Hoselton, baker, of Bath, was aroused from his sleep by hearing a noise down stairs. He arose from his bed and on descending the stairs found a burglar in the act of ransacking a bureau in a room in the front of the house. A struggle ensued and Mr. Hoselton was beaten over the head with some kind of an instrument in the hands of the burglar. The burglar made his escape with $540 in cash. Mr. Hoselton followed him out on to the road, where he saw the man enter a closed car and drive swiftly away in an easterly direction. He then aroused some neighbors and with their assistance followed the burglar as far as Kingston, where all trace of him was lost. Chief of Police Barrett, of Napanee, was notified and every effort is being put forward to effect an arrest.

Camden East W.M.S.

The Camden East W.M.S. met on Wednesday afternoon, March 14th, at the home of Mrs. George Black. The meeting was opened by the singing of the hymn "The Fields are White unto the Harvest," afterwards all repeated the Lord's Prayer. Miss A. Williams read from John 10 : 11-16 and also gave a reading of St. John, by Miss Jean T. Chant. Letters of correspondence were read and discussed. The hymn, "Sing Them Over Again," was rendered and prayer was offered by Mrs. Dickson. Report of the Presbyterial at Picton was given by Mrs. J. S. Yeomans. The hymn, "Must I Go and Empty Handed?" was was sung, with prayer by Mrs. George Black. Mrs. D. Williams played a few selections on an accordion, which she used in her girlhood days. The selection was highly appreciated. Mrs. Sherlock was given the prize for the costume of a grandmother. Mrs. Black, the hostess, served an old-fashioned lunch, which was enjoyed by all.

Grace United Church W.M.S. "Rally Supper."

Thursday evening, March 8th, the W.M.S. of Grace United Church, Napanee, held their "Rally Supper," the aim being, "Every woman of the Church and every girl of 'Circle age' present." Their hopes were gratifyingly fulfilled, and the large audience of interested women and girls stayed to hear the speaker of the evening, Mrs. H. A. Lavell, Past President of the Dominion Board of the W.M.S., but now Vice-President as to hold their sympathetic interest to the end of the evening. And several new members were added to the Auxiliary. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mrs. Lavell by Mrs. Woodger, in which she expressed the belief that the work of the W.M.S. would go on this year with renewed interest owing to Mrs. Lavell's inspiring address. Other items of interest, besides the address were a piano solo by Mrs. B. M. Black, vocal solos by Mrs. B. Elliott and Mrs. H. Denison, and a chorus by six of the Circle girls. Next regular meeting of the W.M.S. March 30th.

SILLSVILLE TUESDAY, March 27th

The Community Players present

"SLICKERS"

with the full original cast.
Don't Miss It.

CAMDENEAST FRIDAY Mar. 30

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Anderson Church : Sunday School 10 a.m.; Public Worship, 11 a.m.
Sand Hill Church: Public Worship 2.30 p.m.
Bethany Church : Quarterly Official Board, Mar. 30th, at 230 p.m.
Gretna Church—Sunday School 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church :

SUNDAY, MARCH 25th.
10.30 a.m.—Holy Communion and sermon.
12.00—Sunday School.
2.30 p.m.—Confirmation Class.
7.00—Evensong and sermon.
Rev. Rura Rean Radcliffe, of Deseronto, wil be preacher at the evening service.

PASSION WEEK SERVICES

April 2nd to 6th, 1928.

UNITED CHURCHES AND SALVATION ARMY
General Theme :
"The Cross"

Monday 7.30 p.m.—Trinity Church "The Timeless Cross", Rev. A. J. Wilson.
Tuesday, 7.30 p.m.—Salvation Army Citadel "The Cross in the Church," Rev. W. R. Merrick.
Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Grace Church, "The Cross in the World," Rev. H. Pawson.
Thursday, 7.30 p.m.—St Andrew's Church, "The Cross and the Individual," Ensign Howe.
Friday, 10.30 a.m.—Trinity Church, "The Cross of Christ," Rev. W. P. Woodger.
There will be an Offering Tuesday evening and Friday morning to defray expenses 17-b

Poultry Wanted.

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METCALFE CANNING COMPANY SOLD

The largest and most important business deal to be transacted in this part of Ontario in many years is the recent purchase of the E. C Metcalfe Canning Company's plant and business at Deseronto by the Associated Quality Canners, Limited, of Toronto. By acquiring the Deseronto factory, the new company will have under its control two or three plants in the eastern and five in the western part of Ontario.

The Deseronto Coal Company, and the Metcalfe Seed Company, subsidiaries of the Metcalfe Canning Company, have also come under the control of the Associated Canners, Limited, by this business deal.

Mr E. C. Metcalfe, the founder and owner of the Deseronto factory will become one of the directors of the new organization, while Mr. Wm. G. Seals, who has been superintendent, will be manager.

The Associated Quality Canners, Limited, takes immediate possession of the Deseronto factory and business.

BUILDED WISELY AND WELL.

The Deseronto canning factory, like many other things which have become great, was started in a small way. There were many difficulties to surmount to establish a business, but here was a man to meet and surmount them. In the years that followed, Mr. Metcalfe was to see the just reward of his unbounded faith in himself and in his product ; plant and equipment were augmented and enlarged from year to year to cope with the rapidly increasing demands for Metcalfe canned goods, new buildings were erected, until we find at the time of the sale, the E. C. Metcalfe Canning Company of Deseronto had become one of the largest privately owned canning factory in Ontario and one of the largest in the Dominion of Canada. Its trade had grown from coast to coast ; its various brands had become synonymous in the household of the land to the word "quality" upon which the firm had did business had been built up.

THE NEW MANAGER.

Mr. W. G. Seals, who has been appointed manager of the Deseronto factory, as well as the Deseronto Coal Company and the Metcalfe Seed Company under the new organization, is a local boy. He was with the Dominion Canners for a number of years before joining the E. C. Metcalfe Canning Company, of which he has been superintendent for fourteen years. He is well qualified for his new position and under his skilful management the local factory should continue its era of uninterrupted prosperity.

Wall Finishes.

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BASKETBALL

Anyone in Napanee, who was not present in the Collegiate Gymnasium on Friday evening last, denied himself one of the most exciting games of basketball that has ever been held here. And the best feature of it all was that the score ended the right way in so far as Napanee was concerned. The victory was made the sweeter by the fact that it was the deciding game in the Bay of Quinte Interscholastic League, and it gave Napanee Collegiate its first championship in this line of sport, after some years of effort. Another point that lends added interest to the victory is that it is an entirely new team built up in one year. Not one of the regular players of Friday evening had been a regular on the team last year, while Belleville's team is the same which they have had for three years past without change

The game was played by a Girls' game between teams from the Athenian and Spartan societies of the Collegiate and it furnished plenty of excitement, but this was completely eclipsed by the thrills of the Belleville-Napanee contest. A play-by-play description of the game would be utterly impossible, owing to the speed of the play, so a general description will have to take its place.

At first Belleville had the upper hand in the play and seemed to be started on another of their long string of victories. The Napanee team was quite nervous, and missed several easy passes and chances to score in the opening minutes. But after Belleville had acquired a lead of ten or twelve points, Napanee suddenly realized that a game was in progress, and from that time the play was more and more in favor of Napanee, except for occasional short spurts by their opponents.

The feature of the Napanee teams play was in the manner in which all five players worked together. Not one man attempted to win doubtful glory for himself and appeal to the gallery by attempting long shots from the middle of the floor, but invariably worked the ball in close before shooting. Their passing was of a high order, very few being intercepted by the Belleville defence. Because of his height, Black had the best chance to score and accordingly was constantly "fed" by the other forwards. But if he was too closely checked by the opposing defence to be sure of netting the ball, he never hesitated to pass out to one of the other forwards, who was not so closely guarded. This style of unselfish play had the Belleville defence bewildered, as they were never sure if a player was going to shoot or pass to another.

The crowd was silent for the first few minutes, when Belleville had the upper hand, but as Napanee began to cut down their lead, the shouting commenced and stopped only at half-time, when the usual rest benefitted both teams and the breathless spectators. At this stage Belleville were still in the lead with the score standing 18-14, but their players were noticeably more tired than the Napanee team

As soon as the game started again after the rest, the local team assumed complete command of the situation. When Black tied the score with a shot from a difficult angle, the referee's whistle could not be heard in the uproar from the frenzied crowd in the gallery.

Soon the Napanee scorer began to mount, and Belleville could two rest periods of two minutes each in an effort to get a little rest and disorganize the Napanee play, but it was in vain, although for a few minutes they reduced the lead, they could not even tie the score, and the game ended with Napanee tired but happy victors.

As was said above, there were no individual stars on the Napanee team, for every player filled his own position perfectly. The defence of McFadden and Nugent were almost unbeatable, and were strongly supported by the defensive work of Robinson and Gilbride. Nugent's work on the attack with the two forwards and the centre, Black, aided greatly in the victory.

It must not be thought that Belleville were outclassed, as their individual merits the second of the best seen here in some time, but they were seriously handicapped by their lack of condition, and the Napanee style of four-men attack and defence. This left Black, the local centre, at their end of the floor most of the time, and their centre were unable to follow up the floor with the forwards in their usual fiveman attack. Like the good sports which they have always showed themselves to be, they offered no alibis for their defeat, although admitted their lack of condition.

The line-up of the teams was as follows :

Belleville—Centre, Faulkner ; forwards, Davison, McFee ; defence, Reffern, Chadwick ; spares Byrne, Ridley, Smith.

Napanee—Centre, J. Black ; forwards, Gilbride, Robinson, defence, Nugent, McFadden, spares, Asselstine, W. Vick, Johnson, W. Smith.

After the game the Belleville team was treated to a lunch and following that Don Scott's orchestra provided music in the gymnasium for dancing until midnight.

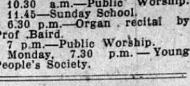
"Verily, verily I say unto you he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life. I am that bread of life. I am the living bread which came down from heaven ; if any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever ; and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world," John 6 : 47, 48, 51 ; "From that time many of his disciples went back and walked no more with Him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered Him, Lord to whom shall we go ? Thou hast the words of eternal life And we believe and are sure that Thou art that Christ the Son of the living God," John 6 : 66.-69.

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The Napanee Express Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association
313 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

The Plow Woman

By ELEANOR GATES, Author of "The Biography of a Prairie Girl."

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(Continued from page 3.)

that had been built for water hauling when the well froze up. Accordingly the mule was put before the sleigh. Failure resulted. Though both Dallas and her father alternately coaxed and scolded, Betty, with characteristic stubbornness, refused to budge a rod from the lean-to without Ben.

Dallas was in despair. "She won't go; she won't go," she said. "We've got to think of some other way."

"Yestiddy," observed the section boss as he unfastened the tugs, "y' said it wouldn' matter ef Ah didn' go now." He was somewhat complacent over the outcome of the hitch-up.

"I don't feel that way now," asserted Dallas.

"Thet ol' man up at th' leetle ben' has hosses," he volunteered when they were again within the shack.

"He took 'em to Clark's two months ago and walked back."

"Waal, how 'bout th' Norwegian over by th' mountain?"

"He keeps oxen. If a blizzard came up they'd never lead you out of it." Then she was moved to make a suggestion which she felt certain, however, would only be denounced. "There are hundreds of horses and mules at Brannon. I could ask there for a team."

Instantly Lancaster's ire was roused. "Thet's all Ah want t' hear fr'm you—'bout them blamed Yankees," he said hotly. "An Ah want y' t' remember it."

"But you're wrong, dad."

"Eh?" He turned upon her in amazed disgust.

"You're wrong," she repeated gently. "We oughtn't to treat the soldiers as is they was enemies. Some day we'll be in danger here"—

"Bosh!"

"And then we'll have to take their help."

He began to hobble up and down, working himself into a white heat. "'S long as Ah live on this claim," he said, "Ah'll never go t' Brannon fer anythin', an' they'll be no trottin' back an' forth. Thet ornery trash over thar is th' same, most of it, thet fought th' south jus' a few years ago. Ah kain't forget thet. An' not one of 'em 'll ever set a foot in this house."

After more hobbling he burst forth again. "Ah tell y', Dallas, Ah won't hev' you gals meetin' them no 'count soldiers"—

She smiled at him. "We don't want to meet any soldiers," she answered. "But there are women at the fort—women like mother. It seems a shame we can't know them."

"Y' mother raised y' t' be fine a lady as any of 'em over thar!"

"Maybe that's true. If it is, then they'd like us, wouldn't they, and we could have friends? I'm not thinking about myself—just about Marylyn."

"You gals got each other. Meetin' th' women at Brannon means meetin' th' men. An' Ah won't hev it!" His voice rose almost to a shout.

"I'll never speak to you about it again," she said. And her quiet acceptance mollified him.

"M' gal, y' kain't think how Ah feel about them Yanks," he went on tremulously. "An' Ah wan't y' t' promise me thet whether Ah 'm 'live er dead y' 'll allus keep on you' own side of th' river."

She glanced up at him quickly. "Do you mean that, daddy?" she asked, using the name he had borne in her babyhood.

"Ah do! Ah do!"

"Then—I promise." Her tone was sorrowful.

"Mar'lyn?"

The younger girl faced about slowly.

"D' you promise?"

"Promise?" she repeated. "Yes—I—I promise."

Dallas knew that the trip to the land office was impossible unless Lounsbury should chance along—which was unlikely, some weeks having passed since his last visit. Undoubtedly were he to come he would help them. But would her father allow her to ask the storekeeper's aid? Probably not.

"I'll tell Charley about it tonight," she said finally. "We just got to find a way."

"What c'n he do?" retorted her father. "Far 's him 's gitting a team 's concerned, we might 's well look fer some one t' come right outen th' sky."

Her determination to ask advice of the pariah was a natural one. The morning that succeeded the night of the mules' terror she had awakened to find a reassuring explanation for their fear. In the growing light, as the trumpet sounded reveille from the fort, she sprang up and looked out expectantly. On the top of a drift in front of the door was a bundle of sticks! A hard crust had formed during the night, and moccasin tracks leading up to the wood and then pointing away again were cast in it with frozen clearness.

"That poor Indian!" she had exclaimed in grateful relief.

Not once after his summoning before Colonel Cummings had Squaw Charley forgotten daily to leave firewood at the shack. The evening of his second trip across the Missouri, Dallas had lain in wait for him, secreted under the dismantled schooner, which she had drawn into place beside the door. And as bringing his offering he crossed the snow softly and approached, the terrified mules again announced his coming, and she hailed him.

"Come on, come near," she had called. "I want to see you."

Eager to prove his good intent he had hastened forward, and she, just as eager to show her thankfulness, had led him into the house. There, with the distrustful eye of the section boss upon him and with Marylyn watching in trepidation from a distance, he had eaten and drunk at Dallas' bidding.

At the very moment when Dallas decided to confide in him Squaw Charley was not unmindful of her. Where the river bluffs back of Brannon shoved their dark shoulders through the snow, the wind having swept their tops clean of the last downfall, he was working away like a muskrat. To and fro he went, searching diligently for buffalo chips. A sack followed him on a rope tied to a leather belt, so that he could beat his hands against his breast as he covered every square rod of dead, curly grass on the uplands. The bag crammed to the top, he took off his blanket and, despite the cold, began to fill it also. For he knew, and fully as well as they who watched the thermometer hanging just outside the entrance at headquarters, that the night would require much fuel.

As he hunted along the bare ridge something more than the frigid gusts that whipped the skirt about his lean shanks urged him to finish his gathering and go riverward. In the little snug cabin out on the prairie a cheery welcome awaited him. Before the glowing coals in the stone fireplace he could warm his shaking legs. There was good food for his empty stomach. But, better than all else, there a kindly face always smiled a greeting.

The blanket piled so high with chips that its weight balanced the grain sack, he prepared to start riverward. But first, prompted by an old habit, he climbed to a high point of bluff near by and standing where lookouts had maintained a post before severe weather compelled their withdrawal carefully scanned the white horizon. To the west, from where—the band in the stockade boasted—warriors of their tribe would come in the spring to make a rescue; to the north, on either side of the ice bound Missouri; to the east, in the wide gap between the distant ranges of hills, he saw no creature moving. But facing southward, his hands shading his eyes carefully from the glare, he spied on the eastern bank, and at not a great distance, the approach of a familiar milk white horse drawing a heavy pung.

The stooping pariah was transformed by the sight. He threw up his arms with an inarticulate cry and sprang away down the slope to his sack and blanket. Seizing them he made for the level ground north of the barracks, descended to the ice, swiftly crossed and dragged the fuel up to the cottonwoods. Then he started down the river, taking long leaps.

The upper part of the improvised sleigh that was tilting its way across the drifts like a skiff on angry water was the green box of an ordinary farm wagon set on runners. The wheels of the vehicle lay on some hay in the rear of the box. On the broad wooden seat was a man, facing rearward to get the wind at his back. He was almost concealed by quilts, his arms being wrapped close to his body, and the milk white horse was taking his leisurely way unguided. Above the man, and nailed so loosely to the wagon seat that it wavered from side to side and kept up a squeaking, was a tall board cross, rude and unpainted.

When he came close to the sleigh Squaw Charley caught the sound of singing and stopped. The traveler was comforting his lonely way with a sacred hymn, the words of which, scattered by the wind, reached the Indian in broken but martial phrases:

"Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching * * * war,
* * * the cross of Jesus
* * * on before."

Again Squaw Charley spurred himself into long leaps. And behind Shanty Town, on the open prairie, he brought the horse to a halt.

Once more he gave his wordless cry—a cry like the shrill hail of a mute. It brought the man face about. An other second, answering, he stood up, shook off the quilts to free his arms, reached down and caught the pariah to his breast.

Tall and spare he was and aged. Over his shoulders flowed long white hair. A beard as white fell to his waist. His sharp eyes were shaded by heavy brows. He wore a coat of coarse cloth that touched his feet, and about his head was wound a nubia. As with face upraised he embraced the Indian he was a stately, venerable figure.

"God be praised!" he said over and over. Then he held Squaw Charley away from him for a moment to look him up and down. "I feared some harm had come to you—that your people had behaved so cruelly to you that you had died. But you are well. Yet how thin! Ah, I am so glad to see you once more!"

He held him close again, murmuring a blessing. When he released him it was to make room for him on the seat and wrap him up in a thick, soft quilt. All the while the benevolent old face was shining with happiness and tears were streaming down the wrinkled cheeks.

Squaw Charley, too, was overcome. His black eyes were no longer sad and lowered. They glowed softly, almost adoringly, as he watched his friend.

"David Bond had not forgotten you, Charley," the old man said as he clucked to the white horse. "I was at Dodge City—that wickedest town of the plains—when news came of the capture of your village. At once I started, for I knew that my duty lay here—here with your poor people, who will not realize how foolish and puny is their warfare. I did not come alone," he added, casting a look behind. "A white man accompanied me—a man so full of evil and blasphemy that I quake for the safety of his miserable soul. He has walked most of the distance, for he is warmer walking, and there are scarce enough quilts for two."

They looked back. A mile to the rear trailed a solitary man.

Squaw Charley made a quick, questioning sign.

"His name is Matthews," said David Bond, "and his mission, I fear, is a bad one. All the way he has urged my poor Shadrach on and on, so that we have hardly had time to rest and eat. And all the day, as he rides or tramps, he mutters to himself. When I ask him what he is saying he replies, 'You'll find out quick enough,' and curses more vilely than ever."

The pung was now opposite the stockade. Looking across the river David Bond got his first view of the high walled prison with its ever moving and wary guards.

He pulled up his horse. "Alas," he



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"God be praised!" he said over and over.

exclaimed mournfully, "how misguided they are—white and red men alike!"

The pung slid on until the cut in the river bank was reached. Again the old man reined. "I cannot cross the river while the ice is so smooth. Shadrach could not keep his feet. And I will not leave him behind. But where can I stop on this side?"

Glancing to the left he saw the line of saloons. "There, Charles," he said "I shall drive there and ask for shelter."

He turned the white horse into the [illegible]. As they approached the shanties a woman's voice was heard, raised in [illegible] and song.

"God sends David Bond whither he is most needed," the old man murmured fervently.

A shingle sign was nailed over the door of the first building. On it, in bold, uneven letters, were the words, "The Trooper's Delight." David Bond climbed down and knocked.

There was a moment of dead silence within, then sounds as if several persons were moving about on tiptoe. Again silence. The old man knocked louder. After a short wait the door was thrown wide. A thickset man, whose eyes squinted at cross purposes over his fat, turned up nose, filled the entrance.

"What in the devil do you want?" he demanded roughly when he saw David Bond. But his seeming anger illy concealed his relief that it was not an officered guard searching for recreant soldiers.

"I wish for nothing in the name of the devil," was the simple answer. "But in the name of God I ask for a roof."

"That buck with you?" The squint eyed man shut the door behind him as he pointed at Squaw Charley.

"No. He lives in the stockade yonder."

"Oh! He's the one that goes prowlin' round here day an' night, sneakin' an' stealin'!"

"He may prowl," said David Bond stoutly, "but he does not steal. He is a good, honest Indian."

The keeper of the Trooper's Delight laughed immoderately. "Get out! Who ever heerd tell of a' honest Injun? Say"—tauntingly—"where'd you an' your broomtail come from anyhow?"

"From Dodge City."

"Dodge City!" the man cried. "Then maybe you seen my brother there or heerd if he's comin'. Nick Matthews is his name."

David Bond lifted one hand and opened his mouth to answer. But the words stopped at his lips. For from the top of the high bank behind the line of shanties there came a shout. Looking up, the squint eyed man, David Bond and Squaw Charley saw a face peering down upon them.

"Hello!" came the voice again. "Hello, Babe! Hello, gran'pa! You beat me here, didn't y'? Look out. I'm comin'!"

And amid an avalanche of snow, icicles, dirt and stones that frightened the milk white horse so that he all but overturned the pung Nick Matthews tobogganed down the bank on his overcoat and landed beside them on the shelf.

"Short cut," he said as he got up and shook out the coat. "Well, Babe, old socks, how's things goin'? How—" he threw his thumb back over his shoulder toward the east—"how 'bout over there? What news y' got?"

Squaw Charley followed the direction of the pointing.

"You ain't come a minnit too soon," declared Babe. "Only just a day or two left of your six months, an' they"— The two moved toward the shanty, whispering together.

David Bond called to the brothers appealingly. "May I put up here?" he asked. "Have you a vacant building that I may share with Shadrach? I have hay and food of my own."

Nick Matthews came back. He had a putty colored face upon which his blond eyebrows failed to show, but he summoned a look that was as near to a scowl as possible. "Look a-here, gran'pa," he said. "d' you think I'm goin' t' let you sponge offen my frien's? Not by a long shot! Hain't I come all the way fr'm Dodge City t' keep th' redskins fr'm takin' your scalp? What more d' y' want?" He gave a laugh in which there was no humor, disclosing small teeth, ranged close and like the first set of a child's.

David Bond did not quail. "You have accepted my hospitality for a month," he said. "I ask nothing that is not justly mine."

Matthews snapped his fingers derisively. "We can't have you here t' snoop an' spy," he declared. "Git!" As he turned to enter the shanty he came face to face with the Indian. "What's this?" Then, noting the squaw skirt, "Gran'pa, who's your lady frien'?"

Hate flashed across the pariah's face like forked lightning on a dark sky.

"One of Sitting Bull's warriors," answered David Bond, "and a good man."

"Uncapapa, eh?" said Matthews. "I savvy their lingo." He plucked at Squaw Charley's dress. "Our warrior wears fine garments," he jeered, speaking in the Indian tongue. Then, with another laugh, he followed his brother into the shanty and banged the door.

David Bond took his horse's bridle. "We must find hospitality elsewhere, Shadrach," he said resignedly. And he headed the pung up the river. As he got back into the wagon box he looked round for Squaw Charley.

The pariah was standing close to the shanty, his head held forward, as if he were watching to spring, his hands opening and clinching angrily.

"Charles!" pleaded the old man reproachfully. "Remember—do good to them that wish you evil and love them that hate."

The Indian dropped his arm meekly and shuffled over to the pung. But when David Bond again drew him on to the seat his lips moved silently and until the cut was reached and Shadrach pulled them out upon the prairie once more he continued to glower back at the line of saloons.

"It will be a terrible night," the other said as they came to a standstill beside the cottonwoods. "It is getting late. I suppose I must try to cross the river."

The pariah was recalled from his backward glances. Rising he extended an arm to direct David Bond's attention. And the old man, rising also, made out the squat shack of the Lancasters, almost hidden from sight by drifts. With a fervent prayer of thanksgiving he touched up Shadrach and steered him toward it, pausing only long enough for the Indian to load the chip sack and the filled blanket on top of the wheels and hay.

"If this lonely house will give me shelter and welcome," vowed David Bond, urging his horse on, "it will find me grateful."

Squaw Charley made no answering sign. Bundled again in the soft quilt, he sat in the wagon box brooding—for he had divined, with the instinct of the savage, that if the shack on the rise before them would find a faithful friend in him who sat beneath the wavering cross, it was threatened by the presence of a dangerous foe—the man just come to the shanty saloon by the river.

CHAPTER VII.

When four distinct raps—Squaw Charley's familiar signal—sounded upon the outer battens of the warped door Dallas drew back the iron bolt eagerly, caught the lantern that lighted the dim room from its high nail above the hearth and held it over her head. Then, standing in the opening, with the icy wind fluttering the wide flame till it leaped and smoked in its socket, she met not the faltering eyes of the faithful Indian, but the piercing gaze of aged David Bond.

She fell back and let the lantern drop to her waist. There she held it, her fingers trembling despite her effort to appear calm. Many days and nights she had waited expectantly for the man who by voice and fist had displayed an enmity toward them. She had pictured his arrival or that of his emissary and planned what she would say and do. Now, certain that he was come at last—after she had long ceased to watch for him—and reading justice and fearlessness in the stern visage before her, she was dumb and helpless.

Her father's voice, rising from the hearthside, brought her to action. "Waal, waal," he was saying, "don't keep th' door open all night!"

With a defiant step forward and as if to bar intrusion she spread out her arms. "You're here," she said in a low tone.

Dallas' words did not penetrate the head covering worn by David Bond, and the fire having died down for lack of fuel the interior of the shack was so dark that he could see only her gesture. He thought her alone and frightened.

"Have no fear, daughter," he begged. "I will go somewhere else. But the ice is so"—

His gentle address surprised and disarmed her. She advanced relentingly as her father came up behind.

"W'y—a stranger?" cried the section boss.

She stopped him. "Yes, but we wouldn't turn a dog away tonight, dad." She motioned David Bond to enter.

As he crossed the sill Dallas for the first time caught a glimpse of the white horse and the pung and saw Squaw Charley lifting his load of chips from the wagon box.

"You come together?" she asked.

(Continued on page 6.)



The Wrigley Swimming Marathon Trophy is a perpetual trophy to be competed for each year. The first Wrigley Marathon was held off Catalina Island, and won by George Young, of Toronto. The second Wrigley Marathon was held at Toronto and was won by Ernst Vierkoetter, of Berlin, Germany. The third Wrigley Marathon will be held in 1928, either in Canada or the United States. The Wrigley Trophy is a reproduction in sterling silver of the famous "Flying Mercury" modeled by Giovanni da Bologna. The position of the figure is changed to show Mercury presenting to Father Neptune a wreath. Neptune with his trident, dolphins and water surrounding are in bronze. The figure Mercury contains over 1,000 ounces of silver. In addition to the big trophy there will be provided annually a replica in sterling silver and bronze, to be presented to the city where the Marathon is held.

TAMWORTH.

We are having colder weather after the rain. The roads are in a very bad condition.

Mr. George Orange has returned to Toronto, after spending some time here repairing the Tamworth Creamery trucks.

Mr. Claude Williams and Mr. Adrian Way are canvassing in the surrounding district for the Tamworth Creamery.

Mr. Ross Barr was able to make his trip from Arden on Thursday.

The weekly Lenten service was held Wednesday evening with a very good attendance.

Miss Myrtle Simmons of Tweed has taken a position as clerk at Mr. A. A. Carscallen's grocery store.

Mr. Clint Richardson and Mr. James Watters are busy setting traps on the muskrat farms.

Mr. Arthur Kimmett has finished his pulpwood contract.

Mr. William Smith sold an egg weighing four ounces to Mr. A. A. Carscallen.

Cars are running through to Lens station now.

Mr. Thompson, bank manager, and Mr. Stephenson made their weekly trip to Marlbank Thursday.

The Tamworth Dramatic Club are busy practising for their play, "Danny Boy."

CAMDEN EAST.

The March meeting of the W. M.S. was held at the home of Mrs. George Black on Wednesday.

Mrs. Percy Histed and two children have returned home from Buffalo, N.Y., where they have spent the winter with Mr. Histed.

The popular play, "Among the Breakers" was presented by Yarker talent in the United Church Hall on Tuesday evening, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid.

A number attended the funeral of Mr. James Curran at the home of his father-in-law, Mr. J. Sewell. Much sympathy is expressed for the bereaved family. The remains were placed in the vault here.

Mr. Clifford Hannah underwent an operation for appendicitis in Kingston General Hospital and is reported to be doing as well as can be expected.

Mrs. Joyner has returned to her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Clodd have moved into the house recently occupied by Jessie Card and family.

Mrs K. L. Amey, who is in the hospital, is not recovering as rapidly as her many friends would wish for.

Mr. Frost has taken the place of Mr. Ross Anderson in the Standard Bank here.

Considerable excitement was created on Sunday afternoon last when it was known that the chimney on Mr. John Barry's home was afire and had made much headway before extinguished.

STELLA.

The annual meeting of Trinity United Church was held in the church on Monday evening, Feb. 27th. The meeting was opened with the customary devotions, after which the Rev. R. G. Fry was elected to take the chair. Mr. John Glenn was elected Secretary. Reports were received from the different organizations of the church which showed a faithful and continued zeal in every department of the church's work.

The Ladies' Aid Society reported having raised $492.00 for the nine months church year and in addition to having supplied some furnishings to the new Manse, had contributed $300.00 to the church treasury. The Sunday school report was given by the Secretary, Miss Mary Scott, which showed a very good record for the year and a credit financial balance. Much credit is due to the teachers and officers in this department for faithful and consistent service in this very important part of the church's program. The report of the Treasurer was very satisfactory. All claims had been paid promptly and the year closed with a credit balance in hand. This is the more encouraging when it is remembered that this small congregation is paying off a loan on a new Manse recently built. The full allotment for Maintenance and Extension Fund was paid in December. The officers of the managing board were elected for the ensuing year. The minister in presenting the report of the Session said there was great cause for thankfulness, not only for the happy and peaceful cooperation of every member of the congregation, but there were no breaks in the ranks to report for this year God had blessed them as a congregation and had spared them safely through another year of work in the church as a complete company.

Emphasis was laid upon the fact that the greatest work of the church could not be shown in dollars and cents, but that by our lives and example to others we would lay the foundations of a better Canada and further the kingdom of peace and goodwill upon the earth.

Reference was made in this report to the faithful work of the Sunday school, staff and an appeal made to parents and adults to do what they could to encourage and support this work. Mr. W. A. Scott, was elected representative to Presbytery and Conference for the year 1928.

The monthly meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of Trinity United Church was held at the home of Mrs. E. Wellbanks, on Wednesday afternoon, March 7th. Although the day was stormy, there was a very large attendance of members. The Secretary reported the net proceeds of the Valentine Social was $60.55. After routine business the Rev. R. G. Fry read a paper on "Joys in Little Things." The meeting was closed with prayer and benediction by the minister. Mrs. W. Cochrane, president, presided. At the close of the meeting a very dainty lunch was served, which was enjoyed by all.

A HUGE DEVELOPEMENT.

Statements of the improving trend of business conditions through 1927 are well supported by the fact, pointed out in the annual report of the Bell Telephone Company of Canada, of a net gain during the year of 38,222 telephones. On December 31st last, there were 688,383 Bell Telephones in service in Ontario and Quebec.

The importance of this development is appreciated when, adding to this number the 133,581 telephones operated in the two provinces by independent companies which connect with Bell exchange, it becomes apparent that the total of 801,964 telephones gives to Ontario and Quebec a notable status as regards this vital service. In comparison, the European countries of France, Roumania and Portugal combined had 799,909 telephones in service at the beginning of 1926

The National Trait.

Thrift in words reminds one that thrift stories are peculiar to Scots, says J. M. Hogge, former Scottish member of Parliament. Scotland stands where she does because of her discipline in thrift. The sacrifice of parents for their children's education is characteristic of the race. The lad born and bred in some obscure village who graduates at a university has no scope in the village from which he came. So he treks to England, although now, to save the travelling expenses, Scotsmen are getting themselves born in London.

"Dinna Greet!"

An old Scotsman going home at night found a small boy crying in the gutter. "What's wrong?" he asked. "I've lost a penny," sobbed the boy. "Weel, dinna greet," he replied, "here's a match."

Footprints

Footprints, taken on the lines of our finger-print system, are being used for identifying criminals in Ceylon, where a great part of the population go barefoot.

The British Royal Mint issued 10,000,000 pennies in 1926.

CREDITORS TO MEET AND CONSIDER OFFER FOR 22 CHAIN STORES

On Thursday G. T. Clarkson and the Canadian Credit Men's Association are expected to make known to the creditors of the Canadian Department Stores, Limited, the details of the definite offer received for the 22 stores, all but one being in the Province of Ontario.

There will be a meeting of the creditors at the Prince George Hotel, Toronto, on Thursday morning for consideration of the offer. The holders of the 20-year first and refunding mortgage income gold bonds of Series A are also called to meet in the office of G. T. Clarkson on April 14.

APPROVAL OF SALE EXPECTED

Inspectors of the estate have approved the offer and Mr. Clarkson, it is understood, is prepared also to recommend its acceptance. The sale of the company to the parties making the offer is expected to be approved.

There are two other offers for the assets of the company but the one recommended for acceptance has the endorsation of Mr. Clarkson. The amount involved in the deal is reported to be $5,500,000, which will probably give 50 cents on the dollar to income bondholders and 45 cents on the dollar to the trade creditors after satisfying in full the prior claims of the first mortgage, the bank and the legal and bankruptcy expenses.

WELL-KNOWN FIRM.

It is a well-known Canadian firm that makes the offer, which takes into account the fact that it would be much more costly to get together a similar chain if, as can be assumed, the intending purchasers decided to enter the communities where the 22 stores are located.

Canadian business men are greatly interested in the negotiations and the decision to call the creditors and bondholders together to deal with the offer.

THE PASSING OF THE BLACK MARIA

BY ERWIN GREER
(President Greer School of Electrical & Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

So gradual has been the passing of the Black Maria as the chariot of the law, that it has been almost unnoticed. Even now most persons believe that they are called out to take lawbreakers to the confines of the jail.

But police officers will tell you a different story. Most arrests are made now by officers traveling in fast small cars, that shriek and howl through the streets at the dangerous pace that once was the unique characteristic of the old Black Maria.

The reason is quickly told. It is an uncommon occurrence for an officer to arrest more than two or three men at a time, and consequently these can be transported in the light fast cars, instead of the great moving calabooses so popular in other days.

Blame Volstead and prohibition, you who mourn the passing of the Black Maria and their degeneration into a mere bus for prisoners to ride in from jail to courtrooms.

It is not the Black Marias' fault that men do not get intoxicated in groups of a half dozen any more, as they did when the suds of real beer stained the mahogany bars of the old saloons, and slugs of Scotch, Bourbon and rye were sold at two for a quarter.

And into the black overworked vehicle the alcoholic gentlemen would be stacked like cordwood. The sirens would shriek in the streets, the gong would clang; the sober would roll over in their beds, thanking heaven or something that they did not have to repose in jail.

Now and then a drunk falls asleep in the street. Now and then one of them sits on the curb to mourn. And these single inners the light, fast call "call" cars can carry.

So the Black Marias, shorn of their duties and splendors, have passed, almost, to oblivion.

TRANSCONTINENTAL HIGHWAY.

Pontchartrain Lake Bridge Last Link in Old Spanish Trail.

With the recent dedication of the Pontchartrain bridge across the lake of that name, connecting the city of New Orleans and all of southern Louisiana with the northern part of the state and with Mississippi, a direct, all-year transcontinental highway will have been completed, extending from St. Augustine, Florida, to San Diego, Cal., and thence to Old Mexico. The highway, the old Spanish trail, is expected to prove a popular route for motorists because it is an all-season route.

Heretofore the two main drawbacks to the route were the necessity of crossing five rivers on ferries at Mobile, Ala., and the ferry service on Lake Pontchartrain. These objections have been obviated by the construction of two of the longest bridges in the country, at Mobile and at New Orleans. The bridge across Lake Pontchartrain, built of concrete, and its construction classed as one of the greatest achievements of modern engineering, is 15.41 miles in length.

Electric Cure for Colds.

Colds can be treated by applying electric heat to the inflamed interior of the nose.

Electric current is sent between metal plates at each side of the nose, so that the inner membranes of the nose and not the skin receive most of the heat produced.

Several remarkable successes have been reported after a few minutes of this treatment.

Airplane Has Central Heating.

Central heating is fitted to a new airplane built for use in Newfoundland "spotting" seals. It is possible for the pilot to dispense with gloves when flying.

The Plow Woman

(Continued from page 5)

"Charley pointed out your house to me," was the answer.

A sudden hope came to her. "Maybe I made a mistake," she said. "Tell me, who are you?"

"David Bond—an evangelist by the grace of God."

She lifted the lantern so that he could see the others. "My father and my sister," she said. Then she put the light on the table, retired to a corner and suddenly sank down.

Squaw Charley, having brought in and emptied the sack and blanket, fed the blaze and crouched at one side of the fireplace. Evan and Marylyn were across from him, intently examining the features and dress of the traveler. It was Dallas who, eased yet shaken, remembered to be hospitable.

"Come, Charley," she said, rising, "we'll put the horse up. No, no," as their guest would have accompanied her, "we won't need help. The mules are used to Charley now and Simon's pretty ugly to strangers." She started out. "Marylyn," she said from the door, "you take Mr. Bond's coat." Then, to the evangelist, "I'm glad it's you and not—somebody—else." A rare smile crossed her face.

The aged man, divested of his long ulster, advanced and with fatherly tenderness lightly touched her braids.

"'I was a stranger and ye took me in,'" he quoted solemnly.

Dallas lingered a moment, arrested by the picture. Lancaster was leaning forward from his seat in unaccustomed silence. Marylyn sat beside him, the nubia thrown across her arm. Nearer was the Indian, his copper colored face marvelously softened, and, before them all stood the evangelist, priestly, patriarchal.

When Dallas and Squaw Charley were gone the section boss and his younger daughter were for a space tongue tied through a lack of something to say. Soon, however, David Bond broke the quiet to assure Lancaster of his gratitude. And thereafter the two men talked freely.

"You need not fear any trouble with my horse," the evangelist said as Dallas was heard bidding Simon keep to his side of the stall. "Shadrach is a gentle beast."

At the name the section boss cocked his head like an inquiring bird. "M-m, Shadrach," he began in important reflection. "Y' call y' hoss Shadrach. Ah seem t' hev heerd thet name before."

Marylyn raised to her father a quick, warning finger. "It's in the Bible, pa," she whispered.

"Heh?"

"It's in the Bible."

"Don' y' think Ah know?" Evan poked the fire cheerfully. He was fairly started in a conversation. "Thet Shadrach was a prophet, ef Ah recall it jes' right," he said tentatively.

The evangelist shot him a sorrowful glance.

"No, pa," whispered Marylyn again. "He was put in a furnace. Remember the furnace, pa?"

"With th' lions!" cried the section boss. "Certainly Ah do."

"Oh, pa, that isn't the story!"

Evan stroked his mustache. "Ah'm kinda offen th' trail, honey, ain't Ah?" he said aside. Then, to cover his mistake and forestall any embarrassing explanation, he poked the fire again and resolutely began, "Pahson, how 'd y' come t' name you' hoss Shadrach?"

"He had been christened Spooks," began the evangelist, as if repeating an oft told tale, "because his last owner mistook him one night for a ghost. I could not bear to call the faithful animal by that name and day after day thought over all the names I had ever heard, striving to find one suitable. That summer something happened that decided for me. Spooks and I awoke to find ourselves surrounded by a prairie fire. And I, having hitched up and then got down into the bottom of the wagon, my good horse was forced to meet the wall of flame alone. He came out unscorched. I knew at once what his name should be. Henceforth I called him Shadrach."

The light of returning knowledge—of blessed total recall—illumined the face of the listening section boss. He gave the fire a glad poke that sent the burning chips to every side, thrust out his chest proudly and pinned the other with a triumphant eye. "Waal, how 'bout Mehach and Abednego?" he demanded.

David Bond studied a moment, knitting his brows until their heavy archings met in a single hoary line. "I take their place," he said at last, with dignity.

Following supper, which Dallas prepared, all gathered before the cheery blaze. There the evangelist, anxious over the welfare of the people among whom he had preached and taught, promptly began to question Squaw Charley.

"You have not told me of your capture," he said, "or of the fight that came before it. Were you taken in the north—in the country of the White Mother—or in Dakota?"

The Indian nodded.

"Dakota?"

Swiftly the pariah's whole aspect altered. A moment before, satisfied as to food, happy and comfortable, he had squatted down in his blanket. But now, his shoulders bent, his chin sank to his breast, his eyes grew dull and sullen.

"Were you in the Mauvaises Terres?" queried the evangelist.

Squaw Charley shook his head.

"On the Powder?"

There was a silent assent.

"The soldiers pursued. Maybe they surprised you—which?"

To answer the Indian rose slowly. With one of Lancaster's crutches he raked out some ashes and leveled them upon the hearthstones. Next, across them, stooping and using a finger, he drew a varying line that showed the trend of a stream. Far up toward its source, in a bend, he placed bits of bread from the table to indicate the lodges of his tribesmen. Slivers from a stick showed that the tepees had been set thickly in a grove of tall cottonwoods. White beans, from a filled pan on the floor near by him, stood for the warriors that had fought. His fingers moved more quickly as by means of a handful of corn that Dallas had put in his leather pouch he planted the United States troops on three sides of the Indian campground and moved them forward to the attack.

Adroitly he maneuvered the opposing forces, with advancing here and retreating there, groans when the white men felt the fight too keenly, low whoops to picture an Indian gain, little puffs of the breath to betoken flying bullets. The onlookers saw the battle as it raged about the tepees. And the flickering lantern, as Squaw Charley moved it in a semicircle, told them that the firing began at daybreak and continued until dark.

All at once he changed the picture. Twelve beans were rapidly counted out and laid in rows, and he mourned softly over these to show that they were slain warriors. Five kernels of corn—a line of pale faced dead—were placed beside the bean rows. This done, he covered the lantern with the grain sack and leaned back against the logs.

"Aye, aye," cried David Bond sadly, "twelve braves and five troopers perished! Seventeen souls went to their Maker to mark the greed of the white man and the yearning to harry off the red! Why do the Indians not stay in peace and quiet upon the lands set apart for them and not go abroad stealing and slaughtering? Why do my own people not give back to their brothers the country that is rightly theirs?"

Once more Squaw Charley stooped forward and, resting his weight on one hand, traced the return march of the troopers to a crossing of the Missouri, where the command had buried its dead; from there he drew the route southward to the ferry and Fort Brannon. Here he stuck the splinters in a circle to picture the stockade below the barracks. At last, rising, he drew his blanket close about him, put the grain sack over his tangled hair and, with a parting look toward Dallas and the evangelist, went slowly out.

Perfect quiet followed the pariah's going. His recital of the conflict, dumb though it was, had powerfully stirred the little audience, for as he had proceeded with his crude mimicry the imagination of the others had filled in the scenes he could not sketch.

The section boss spoke first. Not incapable of feeling, yet disliking to show emotion because it might be counted a weakness, he hastened to clear the air. "Say, Dallas," he drawled, with a survey of the battlefield, "he ought t' had some red Mexican beans fer his Injuns." But the remark failed to appeal.

David Bond made a shakedown for himself beside Lancaster's bunk, using an armful of hay and the robes and quilts from his pung. However, the fact that he needed rest or that his couch was ready did not tempt him from the fire. Long after his host disappeared behind the swinging Navajo blankets he sat by the hearth. And Dallas stayed with him, Marylyn's sleepy head pillowed in her lap.

The elder girl felt strangely drawn to him. He returned the interest he inspired. Like Lounsbury, he marked the unusual character of this woman of the far frontier. But he saw further than had the younger man: With her father and sister she was all firmness and strength, as if she held herself to be the mainstay of the family, yet now and then unwittingly she betrayed qualities that were distinctly opposite. Like Lounsbury, too, when he touched upon the subject of her life it was to inquire if she had spent any of its years in a town. He felt certain that she had not; at the same time his belief was curiously contradicted by her bearing.

"I'll always live on the plains," she said, having told him of the mesa and their migration north. "If I left 'em for awhile I'd learn things I don't know now, and when I came back maybe I wouldn't be satisfied with the shack or with dad and Marylyn."

"Child, where did you get that thought?" he asked, astonished.

"I don't know—only my mother would 'a' been happy in Texas if she'd been born there. But she wasn't, and she wanted her old home till she died."

She wanted her old home till she died—it was only a sentence, yet the quiet pathos of it bared to him the tragedy of that mother's exile.

"Never a great city, daughter," he advised. "Stay here, menaced by Indians, among rough men and women, with storms and toil besetting you, but never go to a great city. It is close and dirty and paved, and in it no man may fill his lungs with pure air or touch his feet to God's green earth."

"In cities," questioned Dallas, but in a low tone, as if she wished no one to overhear—"in cities do—do the women dress like me?" She raised herself a little, though without disturbing Marylyn, so that he might see her plain, collarless waist and straight, scant skirt.

He gave her a smile—a smile as rare and transforming as her own. She had allowed him a glimpse of her suppressed girlishness. "Would that they did, my daughter," he answered.

"I mean in cities like—like—Bismarck," she said, a trifle consciously.

"Perhaps—some—eh—let me see." He was perplexed. He saw the eager light in her face, saw that for some reason she was striving to compare herself with the women of the settled districts and to learn from him the very things she had feared might bring dissatisfaction with her life. He did not wish to teach discontent. He would not tell an untruth. So he created a diversion by taking up his ulster and searching in a capacious pocket.

"But they—they—don't plow."

David Bond brought forth a limp and battered Bible. "No," he said; "no, they—they don't plow."

"Ah!" She looked into the fire. Of a sudden two memories had returned—one of the passing musicians, with their nudging and insolent smirks; the other of a man who had leaned back in his saddle and laughed—after all, perhaps not at her name.

"I—I suppose they're more like Marylyn," she faltered.

The evangelist adjusted his silver bowed spectacles and smiled down at her. "And if they are would it worry you, daughter?"

She shook her head slowly and looked away.

He turned his back, so that both lantern and fire light could reach his pages, and, opening the book at random, began to read. The chapter done, he turned round and glanced at her again. Her face was still averted.

He rose to retire. She put Marylyn gently aside and rose with him.

Then and not till then did Dallas think of their dilemma of the morning. The evangelist's coming and their talk together had caused her entirely to forget about the trip to the land office. However, swift on its remembrance, came a comforting certainty in David Bond's sympathy and aid. At once she told him of the necessity of her father's going.

"Shadrach and I will start with him tomorrow," was his ready response. He put out a hand to part the Navajo blankets. But an unshaped thought made him pause. "You will be alone."

"Why, we're not afraid."

"Brave girl!" he said. Her confident answer drove away the moment's vague uneasiness without its having taken the form or the connection he might have given it.

"Good night," she called softly.

"Good night, daughter," he answered, and the swinging blankets met behind him.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE section boss was thoroughly surprised and not altogether delighted at being roused early the following morning with the news that he could start at once for Bismarck. As Dallas' voice penetrated the partition he returned the only reply his icebound mustache and goatee would permit—a muffled growl. She did not hear it, yet she knew how he felt. The previous day, though a casual observer might have been misled by his garrulous fretting over Ben's lameness, she was quick to note and with a pang that secretly he was relieved. But her pain at his laxity and indifference was not unmixed with pity, for to her crippled father, whose crutches in the snow hindered rather than helped him, she guessed how long and lonely and bitter cold seemed the way to the land office.

Yet it was something more than these aspects of the journey that caused Lancaster to view it unfavorably. He knew that in another thirty-six hours, when the original applicant's half year was up, he and not the other would have the clearer right to the quarter section. Therefore he regarded the proposed declaration of abandonment, the canceling of the old entry and the filing of a new as forms which need not be gone through with hurriedly, since the first claimant had undoubtedly disappeared for good and all, but which might be attended to quite as well the coming spring, when the roads would be open and the days warm. Confident of his perfect security on the peninsula and possessed by a sneaking but denied abhorrence for rush and discomfort, he rejoiced at delay. So having left his snug bed to fumble about in the dark for his clothes and, these donned, having loosed his speech before the grateful blaze in the fireplace, he did not argue fatigue or freezing as an excuse for procrastination. He passed over these rather too briefly and enlarged upon his safe status as a settler.

"All bosh," he asserted as he watched Dallas and Marylyn busy with preparations for breakfast. "A hull regiment of soldiers couldn' put us offen this lan', t' say nothin' of a man thet ain't done a thing on it sence he took it up. Ah might jes' as well stay home."

But he found that Dallas was firm on the question of his going—"hadstrong," he termed it—and would not even pause for a discussion. She had risen early to feed the occupants of the lean-to, Shadrach in particular. Next, with a promise of rest later on, she had awaked Marylyn. Formerly the younger girl would have persisted in questioning her about the proposed journey and in knowing its purpose. Now, however, her interest in it, like that in most things, was so small that she appeared totally indifferent and went about her work silently. Despite the fact that this somewhat revived Dallas' anxiety over her sister, the elder girl felt freshly strengthened in spirit. In all her twenty years of life no other morning had like this one promised her so much happiness.

When the evangelist emerged and, after a sojourn in front of the hearth, joined the family at table Lancaster pined to ask him what he thought of their braving the elements foolishly. Not that the section boss esteemed his aged guest. On the contrary, Dallas' evident interest in the stranger had stirred the unnatural jealousy in her father's wizen brain. Already he hated David Bond and had him set down for a crank. But Dallas needed a lesson. It was all very well for her to do the outside duties as if she were a man. That did not privilege her to ride roughshod over his opinions or to rule affairs in general with a heavy hand. However, he found no opportunity for questions. She, reading impatience and mutiny in her father's every glance, kept up throughout the meal an unwonted flow of talk.

"Dad," she said, covering his plate with a crisp, hot cake for the dozenth time, "I haven't told Mr. Bond all about the claim—all the reasons why we want him to take you to Bismarck"—the section boss grunted at the "we"—"so you please tell him as you're going along. And don't let your coat get unbuttoned or your ears froze. I heated some big rocks for the bottom of the sleigh and some little ones for your pockets. You'll both weigh so much that Shadrach can't run away if he wants to, and you can't fall out into a drift."

Not a word from the others checked her cheery stream of comment. However, breakfast past and Dallas in the lean-to, David Bond managed to make a declaration. It was when he saw Lancaster take down the Sharps from its pegs by the mantel. "That should stay behind," he said, touching the rifle. "We are leaving your helpless girls alone. At least they should have something for defense."

Lancaster instantly agreed, observing to himself that the evangelist after all had some common sense. "Shore," he replied. "Ah'll put th' gun back an' we'll take yourn."

But he was corrected with severity. "I carry no weapons, sir," said David Bond. "I stand for peace."

"Then th' gun goes," declared the section boss. "Th' gals was alone before 'thout it. They was no snow on th' groun' then an' a heap more chance of some one comin'. They ain't no danger. An' ef Ah take th' gun mebbe Ah c'n git a deer on th' way back. We need th' meat."

The evangelist considered a moment. "Very well," he said, "but I would advise differently."

"Ah, shucks!" retorted the other, struggling with his coat.

A moment later his irritation was increased. At the same time the visitor unknowingly covered himself forever with suspicion. Through the frosty air and the darkness rang out the first trumpet blast from Brannon, and, as if totally unconscious of the action, David Bond reached up and bared his head.

"I love that summons," he said. "It bids our good lads wake and do their duty."

Lancaster was not unmindful of the courtesy due a guest. But any reference to patriotism was offensive, and he had been particularly provoked. So behind the broad shoulders of the other he disdainfully turned up his nose.

They were off at last, with Marylyn watching them from a window and Dallas walking alongside for a few rods to say goodby and to pat Shadrach's bony white flanks encouragingly. Morning was stealing up the dun east, yet overhead the stars were shining. And their near radiance, reflected upon the snow, coupled with the light of the slowly growing dawn, made it possible for the girls to follow the travelers' straight course for miles. But long after Marylyn left the window the elder girl remained outside. The dun of the east was painted out with uprushing waves of pink. The stars sank back into the heavens, grew smaller and dimmer and, one by one, disappeared. Finally a yellow rind haloed in mist was thrust above the level of the prairie. As Dallas greeted it the distant ridge of a snowdrift, rose tinged like the sky, hid the crawling speck that was the pung.

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On his arrival behind David Bond Nick Matthews had found that full pockets were plentiful among the soldiery and had promptly gone about emptying them. Soon after entering the Trooper's Delight he sat down to a chip piled table. His quarry surrounded him. And there he stayed throughout the long night, wide awake, sharp witted, unwearied, adding to his heap of colored disks, honestly and otherwise. Not until reveille, a clarion warning, sent his fellow players scurrying back across the river did he put his cards one side and throw himself down, for, though a confirmed night hawk, he needed a short nap to prepare for some business that lay before him.

"Babe," a direct contrast to his brother, being thick necked, stumpy and dark, had not failed to garner his share of the rich harvest. From his station behind the long counter, which was made of four heavy planks supported on barrels at either end, he had poured strange mixtures into beer mugs and exchanged them for good government coin. When he was not performing his part as bartender he was scraping lilly timed tunes upon a fiddle.

It was he who was left in charge when shortly after noon his brother awoke, swallowed some whisky and armed himself with a brace of pistols. Then, with no word to the few loungers in the saloon, the latter set out, following the road that led up the river to the ferry landing. At the cut he climbed the bank at a leisurely pace and continued his way eastward, making straight across the snow toward the squat shack of the Lancasters.

His approach was instantly marked. Marylyn was once more at her post studying the square landscape framed



"Who can it be?" she asked.

by a window. When he made a quick figure on that landscape she saw him and called to Dallas.

"Here's some one coming," she announced, inwardly glad at the possibility of diversion.

Dallas hurriedly joined her. "Who can it be?" she asked.

The door was unbolted, the other window not fastened. Yet so far were her thoughts from molestation that she left them so.

"Going to ask him in?" questioned Marylyn.

"Not till I find out who he is."

They fell silent, conjecturing.

When Matthews reached the drift before the shack he halted and signaled for them to open their window. That attitude toward them—clearly he did not expect a welcome—at once roused Dallas' suspicion.

"Marylyn," she said, making as if to obey their visitor, "draw the bolt of the door."

The younger girl, quick to be alarmed, instantly did as she was told, and Dallas then shoved the sash aside. Both girls looked from the opening.

With all Matthews' hostile intent it must be said that the moment found him disconcerted. He had learned on arriving that the section boss had two daughters. The news did not alter his determination one whit. Had any one suggested such a thing he would have been moved to laughter. But now he noted the prettiness of the younger girl, and a certain conceited desire to appear chivalrous, which had earned him the title of "lady killer" among his associates, made him involuntarily spruce. He smiled ingratiatingly and prepared to launch into flowery speech when—he met Dallas' grave, steady eyes and suddenly found himself at a loss for words.

"How d' do, miss?" he said at last.

"How d' y' do?" she returned. In spite of herself her voice trembled.

That did not escape Matthews. He shamed his momentary embarrassment and resolutely grappled the matter that had brought him. "I want t' see your old man," he said. It was a demand.

"Dad can't see you today," she answered with ready caution. She thought it best to keep from him, whoever he was, the knowledge of her father's absence.

"Huh!" ejaculated Matthews in an ugly tone. He came a few paces nearer. "I got t' see him, jus' th' same."

"But you can't."

"Ain't he t' home?"

Marylyn pressed close to her sister. "Tell him yes," she begged nervously.

Dallas hesitated. Then she answered: "He's not home. Will you please come again—some other time?"

The gambler chuckled. "My dear young lady," he said, his tone the extreme of insolence, "I can't come no other time. Th' business I got t' do has got t' be done t'day. I might as well tell you that my name's Matthews—Nick Matthews. This claim you're on is mine, an' I mean t' have it. What's more, I mean t' have it t'day."

"Ah!" Dallas was thinking fast. At her shoulder, aware all at once that they were in danger, was Marylyn, clinging in pitiful terror.

"Yes," added Matthews, as if that clinched the matter.

Dallas looked at him without speaking.

"I jus' come from Dodge City," he went on. "My intention is t' live on my land all winter. I'm very sorry"—this ironically—"your old man took th' trouble to build on it. He ought t' inquired about th' claim before he done that. But long's it's all one with my plans fer improvin' I don't see's I ought t' kick." He chuckled again and spat.

"I know and so does dad," said Dallas, "that a man filed upon this quarter section in July. We didn't find it out, though, till long after we built this house. We know his six months is almost up too. But if you're him, and even if you've got back only a few hours before it's up, I'm willing, and I think dad 'll be, for you to have the claim. But you must pay for what we've done on it."

"I never ast y' t' do anything on it."

"That's so. But the law says"—

"Aw, th' law be d—d! I don't pay a cent!"

"Then I know dad won't leave."

"Oh, you do?"

"Yes," very quietly.

"Well, let me tell y', my dear, that you're dead wrong. You're goin' t' git your duds an' grub t'gether right now. In half a' hour you leave this cabin!"

At this Marylyn began to sob.

"Come, get a move on!" ordered Matthews threateningly. He knew that if he wished to regain the land there would be no time better than the present. He began to walk up and down, flinging his arms about to start the circulation.

Dallas turned to comfort Marylyn putting an arm about her protectingly "Hush!" she said "Keep quiet, honey!"

"Oh, let's go, let's go!" wailed the younger girl.

Matthews came forward again and took out his watch, a large open-faced timepiece hung to a braided buckskin chain. "Now, look a-here," he said peremptorily, "I don't want no more funny business. This claim's mine. Your old man ain't got a solitary right to it. So you got t' go. I'll give you jus' ten minutes." With this he resumed his pacing, comforting his beat with occasional drafts from a flask.

Dallas strove hard to collect herself. "I can't do anything till dad comes," she called to him finally. "You want us to leave. Why, we haven't got any place to go, and it's cold"—

"Guess I know that," interrupted Matthews. "I'm almost friz."

"And you've got no right to ask us to go till you've paid for this house and the well—and—and my plowing."

"I pay fer nothin' I don't see an' fer no hole in th' ground," he said. "And as far 's a place to go is concerned"—this with a leer—"there's Shanty Town. Why, th' boys 'd be tickled t' death t' see y'. Then there's allus room at the fort when there's good lookin' gals in th' fambly."

Dallas understood the insult. Her gray eyes flamed in her grayer face. She slammed the window.

Matthews came near, so that his face all but touched the glass. "Oh, that don't do no good, my dear," he said, raising his voice. "When I get ready I'll come in."

Marylyn had stilled her weeping to listen to him. Now, pallid with fear, she threw herself upon her sister and again burst forth.

Dallas put her swiftly aside. The face that had been gray was now a tense white. Her eyes were blazing. She sprang to the gun rack and put up her arms.

But the pegs were empty!

CHAPTER IX

"WHAT under the shining sun!" exclaimed Lounsbury, spilling ground coffee into his boot tops. He strode to the front of the store, the tin scoop in his hand still held recklessly upside down. A pung was passing the grocery—a green pung drawn by a milk white horse. On its quilt padded seat were two men. Above them as they slowly proceeded sagged a high board cross.

Lounsbury glanced inquiringly about him. His neighbors were also watching the strange sight. At the windows of the bunkhouse opposite and at the openings of other buildings near were many faces, wide with good natured grins. As Lounsbury turned to the travelers again his own mouth curved in a smile.

But all at once he sobered. The pung was now so far away that the backs of the men were presented to him, and between them, projecting at a slant over the seat, were the curved tops of a pair of crutches.

Jocular opinions of the passersby were being freely exchanged back and forth. He paid no heed to them. The scoop dropped from his hand and clattered upon the floor. He let it lie. Silent and troubled, unaware of the demands of an insistent customer, he looked after the departing sleigh.

At last he acted. Without waiting even to put on his cap he started at a run up the street. His face, bareheaded, increased the laughter of those who were still watching. They yelled to him boisterously, "Sic' 'em, Bud!" "Sell 'em somethin', John!" "Drag 'em back an' skin 'em!" But the storekeeper was deaf. Each yard made him more certain of the identity of one traveler. His thoughts as he pursued were of him. He gained rapidly on the pung. At the edge of the camp, in the trough of a drift, he stopped it.

Lancaster spoke first, for Lounsbury was too spent. "Waal, waal!" he said crabbedly.

"Excuse me," panted the other, giving in his eagerness only a glance at David Bond, "excuse me, but I see you're headed from home. I wondered—I thought maybe I could do a turn for the young ladies while you're gone."

For a moment the section boss did not reply. He was still smarting over Dallas' generalship and if anything was more disgusted and rebellious than when he left the shack. So in the brief pause he gave ready ear to the whispering of the yellow harpy. His lids lowered. His lip curled.

"You understand, I'm sure," Lounsbury hastened to say. "I thought they might be alone, that"—

"Thank y'," answered Lancaster, snapping out each word, "thank y', they is alone. An' you'll oblige me a d—n sight by leavin' 'em thet way!" He settled himself in his seat. "Git ap!" he said to Shadrach. The pung slipped slowly on.

Lounsbury was too taken aback either to follow or to retreat. For awhile he stayed where he was, busily coining forcible phrases for the relief of his mind. As he retraced his steps the few men who saw him were discreetly silent, for the camp knew that there were rare moments when it was best to give him a wide berth.

The interview in the trough of the drift was so brief that David Bond was shut out of it. But had it been longer—had he been given a chance to speak—the result might have been the same. The section boss had been mute all the way to Clark's. The fact that Dallas had told him to relate the story of the claim was the strongest reason for his not doing so. David Bond therefore was left in ignorance and had no means of connecting the evil companion of his journey north with the fortunes of the Lancasters. So as they left Lounsbury behind he even found some censure in his heart for the storekeeper.

To be Continued.



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E. J. POLLARD,
Editor and Proprietor

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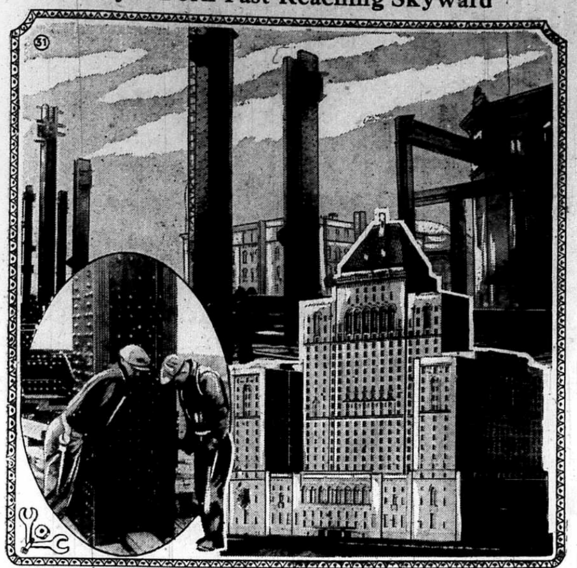


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GET IT AT WALLACE'S

Royal York Fast Reaching Skyward



Upper—Rapidly towering skywards to obtain the title of the tallest building in the British Empire. Lower Right—How the Royal York Hotel will look when completed. Photographed from a scale model. Lower Left—Showing the thickness of the huge iron girders, said to be the heaviest used in Canada.

Work on the Royal York, the new Canadian Pacific Hotel being erected at Toronto is at least ten days ahead of its schedule. It was only in September that the razing of the old Queen's Hotel and the other buildings on the property began, and a battery of steam shovels were turned in on the task of taking out the excavation. The latter was no small job. The area of the hole required was about 340 yards by about 194 and its depth averaged somewhere between 23 and 24 feet while the soil excavated amounted to over 50,000 cubic yards. There is now every hope that the building will be completed by May 1st, 1929. It will rise 395 feet above the sidewalk, thus being the tallest building in the British Empire, that title now being held by the Royal Bank of Montreal which towers 392 feet above the street. The furnishing and equipment of the hotel will set a new standard, and a small army of designers are busy preparing plans for the decorations and furnishings.

The tunnel entrance to the hotel from the Union Station will open on the floor immediately under the concourse and will be opposite the passage-way through which arriving travellers leave the trains. It will pass under Front Street to the south-east corner of the hotel entering the building on what might be termed the ground floor, although its floor level is slightly below that of the street. The main feature of this floor will be a large exhibition arcade which will be one of the outstanding features of the hotel. Here will also be a coffee room, grill and barber-shop, and around the sides will be a number of shops each with a display window on the street. In the south-east corner will be a bank, and the remainder of the space will be taken up with store-rooms and service equipment.

The main, or lobby floor will have the main entrance of the hotel on Front Street, and another entrance on the east side. In the centre of this floor will be a large lobby containing the hotel offices and ten passenger elevators. To the right will be writing rooms, cafe and news stand, and to the left a large lounge opening on to the main dining room which will extend pretty well the entire length of the hotel's frontage on York Street. This room, like the lounge and lobby will be two storeys in height with the galleries of the mezzanine floor above.

A QUEER LAKE

Lake Ursu Has Its Waters In Strata or Layers—Man Has Had a Good Deal to Do With Its Making.

What is probably the strangest lake in the world is to be found in Transylvania in Eastern Europe, says a writer in "Overseas."

Lacul (Lake) Ursu is a freak.

Man has had a good deal to do with its making, for without him the lake would not have come into existence at all, but it is nature that has done and continues to do most of the work that gives this sheet of water its unique and even mysterious character.

It is by no means a great lake as regards extent; indeed, it is distinctly on the small side, but there is no other which presents the same extraordinary features, though there is another lake in its immediate vicinity, called Lacul Negru, which in a measure is like it.

Ursu is a salt lake, but the world has a number of salt lakes large and small; none of these, however, has its waters in strata or layers, if they may be so styled, as has Ursu, and it is this very remarkable fact that differentiates it from all the rest.

On the top there is a stratum or layer of fresh or "sweet" water, which is just a trifle brackish and just a little tepid.

Below this stratum, which is shallow, comes a stratum, almost hot water, highly charged with salt. Still lower down is a third stratum of icy cold water of dense brine going down to the bottom of the lake. It is this fantasy of temperatures that makes Ursu the strangest of all lakes.

Lacul Ursu, which may be expressed in English as Bear (Latin, ursus) Lake lies almost in the centre of the highlands of Transylvania. Perhaps it may be well to recall the fact that whereas Transylvania belonged to Hungary in the Dual Monarchy which vanished after the Great War, it now forms part, and a very considerable part of Greater Rumania, the Rumania which, with this addition and that of the Bukovina, Bessarabia and the Banat, is twice as large as was the "Old Kingdom," that consisted of Walachia, Moldavia, and the Dobrudja.

The great bulk of the population of Transylvania, has been Rumanian for many centuries, but in some districts of the country, there are old German and Magyar settlements, their chief strength being found in the cities and towns, as in Brassov, formerly known as Kronstadt. Lake Ursu, to keep its Rumanian name, is situated in a region that is typically Rumanian, the country of Maures Turda, as it is peopled by sturdy Rumanian peasantry, who in essentials differ very little from the peasants of the Wallachian plains. Their language is precisely the same.

A FORESTRY SCHEME.

United States to Buy 9,600,000 Acres of Woods Land.

A comprehensive program for the purchase of forest lands by the United States Federal Government, involving the eventual acquistion of 9,600,000 acres of land at an estimated cost of $40,000,000, has been approved by the National Forest Commission.

The approved program contemplates the ultimate purchase by the Government of an additional 4,000,000 acres of land within the national forests hitherto established primarily for the protection of navigable streams and within which the Government has already acquired almost 3,000,000 acres.

These units extend along the Appalachian chain from the White Mountains of New Hampshire to the extreme southern Appalachians, including also two forests in Arkansas.

A second feature is the purchase of 400,000 acres within the Tawas unit in the lower peninsula of Michigan and of 700,000 acres within the Superior unit of northern Minnesota, where the Government now holds considerable areas reserved from the public domain.

A third feature is the proposed acquisition of 2,000,000 acres in additional forests hereafter for protection of navigable streams and reduction of floods, while the fourth is the contemplated purchase of 2,500,000 acres within new forests primarily to promote timber production through research, experimentation and demonstration whereby owners of private lands may determine the means and methods for making their forest properties productive.

The importance of acquiring forest land before private interests obtain that which is most valuable, is emphasized by a situation in the Yosemite National Park. Here lumber companies had bought land before the park was planned and some of it was so situated that it was well within the park itself and also made the boundaries of the park undesirably irregular.

SOMETHING NEW IN BOATS.

Four Times the Speed of an Ordinary Rowing-Boat.

No oars—no motor—reverse gears—four times the speed of an ordinary rowing-boat.

These are the features of a remarkable method of propelling small boats invented by Herr Helmut Sauer, a German.

In place of oars there is a lever in the centre of the boat which is pulled backwards and forwards with no more exertion than is needed for oars. But with the same amount of energy the boat, it is claimed is propelled nearly four times as quickly as when oars are used. This is achieved by a simple system of rotating a screw at the stern by means of a friction wheel and planet drive.

There are other valuable features of the craft including the fact that the "oarsman" sits facing the bow instead of the stern, and he steers with his feet, thus dispensing with a steersman. Then, by pulling a smaller lever, he can throw the boat into reverse, thus avoiding collisions.

"Catching a crab" is impossible, and the merest novice can drive and steer the boat with ease, while it will turn in its own length with little effort. The inventor believes that in time his method of propulsion will entirely oust oars from ships' boats and lifeboats.

Larger boats could be built with any number of levers, and in speed they would rival that of motor-boats, while needing no fuel and costing nothing to run. Finally, the inventor claims that working the device constitutes the finest aid to physical perfection he knows!

BEHIND THE TEMPLE VEIL

Candidates for Priesthood Have Nine Holes Burnt Into Their Scalps —Stoics of the East.

To the Western mind China has been ever an enigma. Through our centuries of progress, her ancient civilization may be said to have remained all-sufficient for her people, and even the welter of revolutions, internecine strife, and the scores of "generals" who spring up in a night and disappear as quickly into oblivion, have but scratched at the surface of the true character of the phlegmatic, ancestor - worshipping Celestial.

Yet behind the expressionless masks smoulders a grim fanaticism in no way more clearly exemplified than by the ancient ritual of the Buddhist monks.

Without the eastern gate of Wuchang, on the southern shore of the Yangtze and opposite Hankow, lately the centre of pandemonium, bloodlust, and incendiarism, stands the hill of Hung Shan, its summit crowned with the pagoda of Pan Tung Shin, the Monastery of Pervading Preciousness. It is here that candidates for Buddhist priesthood must pass through the physical torture that is their initiation, and so ensure their spiritual welfare.

Over a thousand years old is this pagoda, erected at the beginning of the Tang dynasty between A.D. 630 and A.D. 907. Of all the Yangtze temples it is, perhaps, the one in best repair, thanks to the ceaseless work of generations of monks and the vast wealth they are said to administer.

At the time of an ordination, if the traveller is fortunate enough to gain admittance he will pass through the monastery woodshed, by way of kitchens and refectory, to the eerie heart of the temple. And just before dawn the awesome ceremony will begin. Male voices chant in the shadows, drawing ever nearer to the dim light of the central hall. Gilt images grin down, nine on either side—the Lo Hans, earliest of Buddha's disciples—and in the centre is the great cross-legged figure of Buddha himself.

On either side stand three cowled monks with books held before their faces, chanting and reading in turn, the pauses punctuated by the clashing of gongs and the roll of wooden drums. At the head of the table stands a monk with brilliant scarlet headdress, and in the adjacent room the candidates wait.

There may be sixty of them ready to attend the ceremony, their faces like death-masks, and clothed in long robes of drab grey. After an hour of chanting and gong-sounding and drum-beating, they appear before the great idol, where a long bench has been placed, with straw hassocks in readiness. On the bench are the instruments to be used in the agonizing process of burning holes in their heads. There are sticks of incense, wax, and slices of raw turnip.

They enter, kneel, and on each shaven head the officiating monks mark nine spots where the flesh is to be burned. The sticks of incense are affixed to the spots and the taper ignited. It takes two minutes — an eternity to the onlooker—for the incense to burn its way to the scalp. Between the patches, pieces of turnip are placed to prevent the heat from spreading. And all the time there is the rolling of the drums.

On no single face is there a quiver, but the pain must be excruciating as the live ash is pressed down into the burnt-out holes, and then these newly-ordained monks are led away by their seniors.

Women and Their Cheques.

The growing habit of women to have their own bank deposits for dress allowances and the payment of household bills is one of the reasons given for the remarkable increase in the number of cheques passed in Great Britain.

Depths of Great Lakes.

The maximum depth recorded for Lake Superior is 1,088 feet, for Lake Michigan 858 feet, for Lake Huron 802 feet, for Lake Ontario 738 feet, and for Lake Erie 210 feet.

THE TAJ MAHAL.

Is the Most Beautiful Building In the World.

The Taj Mahal is generally considered to be the most beautiful building in the world. It was built by the Mogul Emperor Shah Jehan at Agra, near Delhi, India, as a tomb of his favorite wife. When the Moguls came to India in the early part of the sixteenth century they brought their Persian civilization with them, and thus it was that the Hindu architects and artisans worked in the Persian style. The erection of the Taj Mahal took twenty years, and is said to have cost about $50,000,000. The monument is of white marble, 130 feet long and wide, and nearly 200 feet high to the top of the huge dome, which grandly lifts itself from the eight-sided building. This is flanked on either side by the two slender minarets, the whole fabric standing on a platform of red sandstone overlooking the River Jumna. Inside are the cenotaphs of Shah Jehan and his empress.

The sunlight filters into this chamber through marble screens intricately wrought, and as delicate as lace. The interior walls are covered with the floral designs so loved by the Persians, and here and there inscriptions from the Koran are ornately carved in Arabic characters. So white is the marble that what would be shadows on any other building are described as glowing and bright reflections of light and color on the Taj Mahal. The real tombs of the royal pair are side by side in the vaulted chamber below.

The Taj Mahal is surrounded by Persian gardens, and the whole presents one of the most interesting sights in India—especially under the brilliant Indian moonlight, when it resembles a fairy citadel.

ONE TOAST DESERVED ANOTHER

Clever Story Is Told About Gen. von Loewenfeld.

A clever story is told about Gen. von Loewenfeld, formerly the ex-kaiser's aide-de-camp, who died recently in Berlin in his 78th year.

He was with the 10th (Hanoverian) Army Corps during autumn manoeuvres one year when he found himself quartered in the country house of a Guelph aristocrat. The Guelphs still maintain that the kingdom of Hanover was stolen in 1866 by the Prussian Hohenzollerns, and they cherish the hope that it will one day be restored to the House of Cumberland. At dinner, therefore, the Guelph legitimist rose, when the first glass of wine had been poured out, and said:

"Gentlemen, it is the custom in my house that the first glass is raised to the health and welfare of his Majesty King Ernest August of Hanover."

This, in the eyes of the Prussian officers, was rank treason, and all nervously turned to their general, wondering if he would drink the health of a king dethroned by his late majesty, William I.

Von Loewenfeld, however, slowly rose to his feet, as did all his officers, and the health of the King of Hanover was ceremoniously drunk. When the second glass was filled the Prussian general again stood up and, looking toward his host, said:

"It is an old custom in my house to raise the second glass to the health of his Majesty the Emperor of China."

The Guelph aristocrat could not but stand up also; the officers, too, rose, and the glasses were emptied to the health of the Son of Heaven.

HOME TELEVISION FAR OFF.

Limited In Scope for Some Time at Least, Says English Scientist.

Television possibilities in the home were dealt with by Mr. T. Thorne Baker in a lecture at the headquarters of the Royal Photographic Society, London, England.

Speaking of recent experiments, he said:

"These simple first transmissions, though doubtless disappointing to photographers accustomed to first-class definition, represent a real achievement. Nevertheless, I think that when we consider the technical problems involved, the way they have been dealt with, and the early results, we are forced to see with what reserve, we must accept announcements that amateurs will soon be able to watch the opening of Parliament, or similar things, on their wireless set in the home."

To a Daily Mail reporter Mr. Baker said: "No doubt the first thing the public will get is a set which will give a crude image of head and shoulders."

Paper From Pineapples.

Caroa, a species of wild pineapple found in Brazil, may soon be used to provide pulp for making first-class paper.

For centuries the natives of Brazil have cut the long narrow leaves that protect the caroa fruit, and obtained fibre from them by beating the leaves between two stones. From this they make twine and ropes by "wet rotting."

In the experiments the pulp was obtained from this native rope, which was cut into short lengths, threshed, cooked in a solution of caustic soda, bleached, and beaten. The caroa fibres are cylindrical and comparatively long, but of small diameter, properties that enable them to mat together easily, giving compactness and strength to the shoot.

Gum, oil, balsam, pitch, and acid are also obtained from this pineapple.

TOBACCO.

Contains Methyl Alcohol, Says Berlin Professor.

It's not nicotine, but methyl alcohol, that causes all the trouble in smoking, according to the researches of Prof. Neuberg in Berlin.

Experiment revealed that the nicotine content of tobacco varied without relation to the strength of the cigar as sensed by the smoker, and that smoking continued to be harmful in spite of denicotinizing tobacco. Prof. Neuberg discovered that the veins of the tobacco leaf contain methyl alcohol, which fermentation weakens but does not altogether remove. The decrease is greater in cigars than in cigarettes.

Burning does not destroy the methyl alcohol. Freed from the lighted cigarette, it unites with the smoke and, inhaled, mixes with the saliva instead of being again exhaled with the smoke. Whether it is possible to remove the methyl alcohol from tobacco entirely is as yet undetermined.

WORLD'S NOISIEST CITY

MARSEILLES A CITY OF DREADFUL NOISE.

H. J. Greenwall Describes a Visit to the Bustling French Seaport—Betwixt East and West—In Memory of Fallen Soldiers and Sailors.

Marseilles, the bustling French seaport has been dubbed by H. J. Greenwall, in an article published in the London Daily Express, as "The City of Dreadful Noise." Nobody seems to care to speak softly. All questions and answers are shouted in a very loud voice.

I travelled through seven hours of darkness from Lyons to Marseilles, he says, and when I reach this great port of the south I was overcome by the color, the glamor, the garlic—and the noise. I have heard New York in full blast; in Paris and London I am attuned to the sound of the traffic, but here beneath the golden sun and blue sky of Provence I must confess I found myself muttering "What noise annoys a noisy Marseillais?" and answering myself, "Not even a noisy noise annoys a noisy Marseillais."

There are trams in every street, and they are not silent; there are hundreds of taxicabs, and they have a peculiarly annoying klaxon which they sound every second, and they are on the streets all the hours of the day and night. When a policeman desires that the stream of traffic should halt or proceed, he blows a whistle, and I do not think there are any whistles in the world to equal the whistles of Marseilles. And, as if there were not noises enough, there are always the Marseillais giving tongue.

Marseilles is the gateway to the East, but the jostling, bustling East is pushing through the gateway and stands astride 'twixt East and West.

Sit with me on the Canebiere this morning and watch the world go by. Over there on the corner, that little kiosk which you think sells newspapers. Go and look at it. It sells sea food.

Oysters, mussels, lobsters, crayfish, and other denizens of the deep you have never met before, all in baskets dripping with salt water. Hark to the screaming of the lottery ticket hawkers.

That boy over there by the Bourse is selling tickets price twopence, and you have a chance of winning an automobile. If you do not believe it, you can see the model of the car.

The man who just said to us: "Pardon me, but you are an American, aren't you?" is a well-known confidence trickster; he is ready to sell anything from a gold brick to a gold watch. And the women—why, just look at them. See how they walk, with the lithsome, swaying gracefulness of the East.

Many of them, too, you can see, are not more than a generation away from Africa. See how the crowd pours through the streets; just look at that gorgeous Spahi, with his white-lined crimson cloak, his turban, and his red leather boots, see how well he stands out against the background of those two little Annamite soldiers in soiled khaki.

They seem pygmies next to those couple of upstanding Senegalese. Do you see how those Chinamen refuse to talk to the couple of Japanese sailors walking with those two Arabian girls; they are Arabian, even though they have abandoned everything, including their national costumes.

The world and his girl goes by, shouting, gesticulating, buying, drinking, love-making and living. All the nations of the world pass through this gateway, and some wish they had never come. All ports are, of course, vicious and Marseilles has little claim to virtue. In the Old Port you will find the harpies, the crimps, the ollapodrida preying on the sailors, and here, too, if you know where to look for it you will find the Spider's Web.

Marseilles has a resident population of about 600,000, and a floating population which adds many thousands more. There are splendid theatres and cinemas, and, as in every French town of any size, a wonderful opera house giving grand opera every night.

British enterprise has just given this city a model hospital called the Queen Alexandra Memorial Hospital. It was begun in 1918 under the patronage of the late Queen, and of the estimated cost of $250,000, 95 per cent. was subscribed in England.

I have written of the noise of Marseilles, yet for a brief minute I heard the whole city hushed to a painful silence. It was All Saints' Day, when it is the custom for a ship to put out to sea and drop a wreath on the water in recognition of the dead who died during the great war.

The Mediterranean was like a sheet of sapphire. The authorities, priests, pastors, and rabbis gathered in a ship and put out to sea; everywhere the marine-scope was dotted with rowing boats and other vessels. The foreshore was lined with thousands of men, women and children. All the tugs, the liners, and other shipping were blowing their sirens. The noise was deafening. The official ship, when off the great grey stone memorial, slowed down, and prayers were said in French, Hebrew and the Provence dialect.

Then, in a silence that was awe-inspiring a wreath was dropped overboard. That was the signal for other ships to throw flowers into the sea. Spectators on the foreshore began hurling bouquets and single flowers, and in a few minutes the sapphire sea was one gigantic flower garden. Roses, carnations, and autumn flowers floated on the waters, and there was not a sound.

But a minute later Marseilles was once again the city of Dreadful Noise.

Gas From Garbage.

By a new process, sewage and similar wastes are being converted into gas for household use in Germany. Enough gas for the domestic supply of a population of 8,000 is produced from sewage at Gross Zieter.

"This process should make it possible for waste materials to be used in producing gas for industrial purposes.

Bolivia.

Bolivia has a population of nearly three million people.

PROF. CHAS. T. CURRELLY

Head of Ontario Museum Started Life Work on Manitoba Mission Field —Chance Changed Career.

Caravans of loaded camels, freighted motor barges slowly moving down the Nile, and from thence loaded steamships sailing across the seas to many lands—in such a way has the appeal of the antique thing and the love of that which is ancient and shrouded in mystery been communicated to the outside world for many years, says a writer in the Toronto Star Weekly. Egypt, that land of a wonderful ancient civilization, with its hidden tombs and its veil of mystery and romance, has intrigued our modern minds, and has lured many of the most intrepid into the search for its secrets. Many famous archaeologists have been before the public notice in the last few years, but of special interest to Ontarians as one of their own fellow-citizens, is Prof. Charles Trick Currelly, director of the Royal Ontario Museum, who has done important work for Egyptology in general, and for the museum at Toronto in particular.

The ways of the gods and of the fates are known to be strange, but it is not often that a man begins his career as a Methodist lay missionary in the districts of Manitoba, and in a few years has become known as an eminent archaeologist, with many discoveries in Egypt to his credit; but this is part of Prof. Currelly's life story.

He was born in Exeter, Ont., in 1876, and graduated in the natural science course in Victoria University in 1898, after which he began lay missionary work in the Dauphin district of Manitoba. After two years he returned to the university to supplement this theological training with the study of philosophy, political science, Greek and Hebrew.

Here he met Prof. Mavor, who was instrumental in persuading him to go to France to study social and political conditions. Before he left London, however, Prof. Currelly met the great Egyptologist, Prof. Flinders Petrie, who was head of the Egypt Exploration Fund, and who was just leaving on an expedition to the eastern land. Prof. Currelly was offered the position of assistant to Prof. Petrie, which he accepted on the advice of his friend, Prince Kropatkin. In this way, his career as an Egyptologist began, in 1902.

Prof. Currelly has spent many years in Egypt and on the continent, excavating, and studying relics. He has personally to his credit the discovery of the tomb of Ahmest, the Pharoah who is spoken of in the Bible as the king "who knew not Joseph." He also discovered several other important relics belonging to this king and his reign.

Prof. Currelly had been interested by Chancellor Burwash in the foundation of a Victoria College Museum, which idea later became that of a university museum, and Prof. Currelly became official collector for it. He has made many trips to the east and to the continent to obtain antiques and curios and other valuable objects for the museum. Indeed, he has been personally responsible for obtaining much of the wonderful collection now under his care at the museum. He knows the history and the value of his collections and a trip through the museum with him is a wonderful education.

Prof. Currelly is not only interested in archaeology and exploration, by any means. He is also a successful farmer and sheep-breeder, and perhaps a trip over a rural Ontario farm with him would prove as instructive as the trip through the museum, and would possibly be as strange and wonderful to many city people as the mysterious Egyptian collection.

$80,000,000 YEARLY.

Mining Industry of Tremendous Importance, Says Minister.

The mining industry and its outlook for 1928 as a subject of tremendous importance, was the burden of a speech by Hon. Charles McCrea, Minister of Mines for Ontario, recently.

The gradual development of the nickel industry was traced by Mr. McCrea from 1900. When nickel was mainly used for battleships and other war purposes, to the present day, when it had found its way into every department of industrial and domestic service.

The mining industry of Ontario, according to the Minister, was to-day producing $80,000,000 per annum, and although compared with agriculture and forestry it might be the baby industry, the day was rapidly approaching when it would rival if not outrun its older competitors.

Dividends of $7,600,000 in 1923 had reached $18,867,000 in 1927.

Total mining production for 1923 was $68,000,000, and in 1927 that had reached $90,000,000.

The summary of mineral production to the end of 1927 amounted to $1,415,000,000, with a total silver production to the end of last year of $239,000,000, on which $95,000,000 had been paid in dividends.

Gold production to the end of 1827 totalled $249,000,000, with dividends of $69,000,000.

Germs "Ironed" Out.

Science has discovered that the pressing of clothes may have a higher function than that of merely keeping a knife-edge crease in the trousers. Prof. M. Hahn, director of the Berlin Hygienic Institute, has recently performed experiments with mechanical ironing machines whereby overcoats, trousers, and blankets were completely sterilized of disease-producing bacteria.

An Electrical Ship.

Everything, from handling luggage to cleaning and cooking, will be done by electricity on a new ship being built in Belfast. There are 140 miles of cables and wires used aboard her.

Bore Deeper for Oil.

Improved methods of deep drilling below productive oil sands will disclose, in many areas, deposits of oil not hitherto available and which will be tantamount to the discovery of new fields, the Marland committee on conservation, appointed by the American Petroleum Institute, declared in its report.

Improved methods of producing have been perfected, it added, which will make possible recovery of oil from these lower sands; the limit of deep drilling had not been reached.

KING OF AFGHANISTAN

Amanullah Visited Britain to See If He Could Induce Government to Revive Grant of £40,000.

Amanullah Khan, who recently changed his title of Amir to that of King of Afghanistan, doubtlessly during his recent visit to England discussed matters of political importance with the British Government.

One matter which is agitating his majesty is the question of a subsidy of £40,000, which was paid annually to his predecessors as a guarantee of good behaviour.

Afghanistan is next to Turkey the second strongest Mohammedan state in the world; it has rose to this position, mainly owing to the efforts of Amanullah Khan and his predecessor, Habibullah, the father of Amanullah Khan, was a staunch friend of Britain and during the war he preserved a benevolent neutrality in favor of the Allies.

An opponent of Bolshevism he formed a league of the Moslem rulers of Central Asia, with the avowed object of preventing the spread of Bolshevism in their dominions. Unfortunately before the league came to anything he was assassinated. The murderers have never been discovered.

At the time of Habibullah's assassination Amanullah Khan was military governor of Kabul. The youngest son of the late Amir, he was nevertheless the strongest. Seizing the treasury, he rallied the army around him, declared his uncle to be a murderer and drove him from the country.

Scarcely was the young Amanullah Khan seated on the throne before he conceived the idea of twisting the lion's tail. He despatched Gen. Wali Mohammed Khan to Moscow, and commenced a series of intrigues with the Soviet. These intrigues culminated in the proclamation of Jihad (holy war) against the British, and the descent of the regular troops on the heights commanding Landi Kotal, north of the Khyber Pass, the gateway to India, was ordered. The "war," which lasted from May 3 to May 28, 1919, came to a speedy conclusion, when the Indian army occupied the Afghan town of Dakka.

Amanullah Khan saw the error of his ways; he pleaded for peace, and lost his annual subsidy. In the eight and a half years which have elapsed since the "fourteen days war," he has devoted himself to the improvement of his country. Schools have been built. In Kabul, the capital, he has founded a girls' school where some 2,000 students are enrolled.

Another innovation of his majesty is a popular assembly which he has created. Though this has only been in existence a short time, it is finding favor with the freedom-loving highlanders of Afghanistan.

Strong drink does not find favor with Amanullah Khan. He is a strict Moslem and keeps to the letter of the law regarding liquor. In the royal palace at Kabul no wines or spirits are permitted under any circumstances. Even perfume which contains alcohol is not allowed. Amanullah Khan, however, has only one wife, and unlike most Moslem ladies she is not kept in strict Pudah, but accompanied her husband on his European tour.

Politically, Amanullah Khan is Liberal. Doubtlessly his visit to England will do much to enlarge his mind, and will be reflected in fresh development of his country.

UNDERGROUND STATION.

Tunnel With Seven Entrances Engineering Marvel Under London.

The greatest engineering feat London has ever seen is well on the way towards completion. It is the new Piccadilly Circus underground station.

Comparatively few people realize that the largest underground station in the world is under construction there, for the bills on the hoarding state modestly that work "in connection with the installation of escalators" is in progress.

An enthusiastic official recently conducted a newspaper man over the workings and informed him:

That the station is 108 feet below ground level.

That there are hundreds of miles of wire in the pipe shaft.

That nearly 200 men have been employed for three years.

That the station will be ready for opening by Christmas; and

That there have been no casualties during the progress of the work.

The whole of the ground beneath the circus is a network of tunnels and escalators. There will be seven entrances leading down a few steps to a circular tunnel, in the middle of which is the booking hall.

Five escalators lead from there down to a common platform, from which three more escalators lead to the Bakerloo railway and three to the Piccadilly railway.

The old platforms remain, but the present station will be abolished, and shops will probably be built on the site. The circus itself will give no hint of what is underneath except for seven entrances, built of imitation marble.

Our Country.

Though less than 33 per cent. of the population of Canada are engaged in farming, it is estimated that over 36 per cent. of the national wealth is attributed to agriculture, the basic industry of the Dominion. Less than one-fifth of the 300,000,000 acres of land suitable for farming in Canada is under cultivation, yet Canada is the world's second greatest producer of wheat and oats and the principal wheat exporting country.

An Ancient Gun.

A gun used in German East Africa during the Great War was actually made in 1680. It is now in the Imperial War Museum, London.

$3,500,000 Given to Kansas City.

A fund of approximately $3,500,000, to be administered with few restrictions in the public interest of Kansas City, is the bequest of H. W. Loose, of New York, formerly a resident of Kansas City. The sum is in addition to funds of $2,500,000 contributed by other members of the Loose family for specified civic, benevolent and charitable purposes. The total, the greater part of which will be immediately available for promotion of the city's well-being, is six million dollars.

One of the gifts of the family to the city has been a park for children.

SPRING - FASHIONS - 1928

Our First Formal Presentation

Thursday, March 22nd and the days following

With special Displays of New Easter Wearables, Millinery and Accessories.

The glories of a new mode again unfolds. The beauty of the feminine, modernized to suit modern needs and wishes, bloom again in the styles expressed in our new Spring and Easter collections.

You are invited to view this authentic presentation of the Spring Mode for 1928 and solicited to choose your requirements from merchandise on display. You will find the values equally as attractive as the fashions.

Fashion's Signposts for 1928

The straight-line Silhouette.
One, two and three-piece costumes.
Complete color ensembles from millinery to shoes.
The supreme popularity of Navy Blue.
The uneven hem-line in evening and formal afternoon dresses.
Draped and tiered skirts. Irregular neck-lines.
Dress combinations of lace and georgette.
A new vogue for light weight woollens in sport wear.
Scarfs replacing furs on Spring Coats.
Featuring Mole as fashion's choice.
Setting up more feminine vogue in trimmings.



Choice Smartness in Easter Hats

Hats expressing numerous delightful feminine features—Hats that have clever ways of introducing new notes of elegance, illustrative of the inimitable genius of Canadian designers and manufacturers.

The significant feature of our Easter selection is the exclusive and diversified collection of styles. Most of the season's pronounced successes are obtainable in a marvelous range of delightful colorings.

Price, too, is a noteworthy part of our millinery story this season. Never before have we merchandised such tempting values.

The Brisk Days of Early Spring

Call forth a tailored mode in Misses' top coats to keep pace with nimble feet and bristling wit. Such tailored coats are on display in our Coat Section. Their chic lies deeply embedded in superior quality materials and non-surpassable tailoring.

For motoring and travelling come top coats expertly fashioned from handsome imported and domestic tweeds. Coats that have been approved by Fashion critics and will be seen wherever well dressed women foregather.

Featured in a beautiful assortment of Spring shades.



Dresses Have Many Interesting Ways To Emphasize The Mode

Dress success this season depends on many interesting details.

It may be the happy choice of color or color combinations.

It may be the pleasing combination of materials such as georgette and lace.

It may be that the master stroke is achieved with sunburst tucking or stitching.

It may be the swirl and dash of the scarf that accompanies the irregular neck-line.

Possibly its success depends on the formation of the pleats incorporated in skirt styling.

Brilliant pins add a glistening note to the mode, while flowers help to carry the message of Spring.

See them early, please.

Scotch Mole Plays a Leading Role in Fur Trimming This Season

It is seen to best advantage when displayed on coats of navy blue or black. They form an alliance that constitutes a very important mode. The collars are small affairs that flare out from the shoulders in a new and artistic manner.

Mole dyed to match various color schemes is another fashion rule of much note.

Our Easter assemblage of coats feature a noteworthy variety of mole trimmed matron's coats.

Our Dressmaking Department

Has re-opened for the Spring season with

MISS B. McMILLAN
MISS L. VANALSTYNE

in charge. Easter costumes should be ordered immediately.

Canadian Department Stores Limited

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mr. Kenneth Ham spent the week-end in Toronto.

Mr. E. J. Sexsmith, London, spent last week in Napanee.

Mr Jas. Laughland was in Montreal a few days last week.

Dr. E. Ming, M.P.P., was home from Toronto for the week-end.

Mr. E. W. Scott is visiting his brother, Rev. P. A. Scott, Denbigh.

Mr. Robert Kirkpatrick is in Kingston General Hospital undergoing treatment

Mrs. E. J. Madden is in Rochester, N.Y., attending the funeral of her brother-in-law, the late Dr. Myers.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Gibbard and Miss Marguerite are in Toronto for a few days.

Mrs. D. R. Hall, Brockville, spent last week the guest of Dr. and Mrs. D. R. Hall.

Miss Mabel Madden, Chicago, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Madden, Kingston road.

Capt. Harry Babcock has been attending the Officers' Training School in Toronto.

Mr George Daly, Toronto, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Daly, Piety Hill.

Mr. Claude Knight was in Toronto last week attending the Canadian National Express Agents Convention;

Mrs. Wm. Woodcock, Smithfield, is visiting friends in Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Allison, Adolphustown, have returned from Winter Haven, Florida, where they were guests of Mrs. G. G. Membry.

Mr. Reg. Wiseman is home from Syracuse, N.Y., for a few week's visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Wiseman.

Mrs. Harry Finkle, Providence, R.I., is visiting Mrs. Martha Finkle.

Mrs. Gibson and Mrs. Wilson, who have been visiting Mrs. Finkle, have returned to Hawkesbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Davis, of Pontiac, Mich., are guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Desmore Davis.

Mrs. W. Dorland, of Adolphustown, is a guest of Mrs. Robert Davison and Mrs. James H. Porte, Paul street, Picton

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Charlton, who have been spending the past few weeks with relatives in this district, left on Saturday for Belleville, where they will spend a brief holiday before going to their new home in Port Colborne.

Mrs. Alonzo Wagar, Enterprise is spending a few days with Mrs. R. Kirkpatrick, Thomas street.

BIRTHS

McConnell—At Roblin, on Sunday, March 18th 1928 to Mr. and Mrs. Fred McConnell, a daughter.

MARRIAGES

Snider—Schryver—On Tuesday evening, March 13th, 1928, at Morven Parsonage, Ernestown Township, by Rev. W. R. Merrick, Miss Olive V. Schryver to Mr. James Edgar Snider, of the Township of North Fredericksburgh.

DEATHS

Arnold—At Roblin, on Monday, March 19th, 1928, James D. Arnold, aged 80 years.

Curran—At Colebrooke, on Monday, March 19th, 1928, Hugh M. Curran, aged 65 years, 1 month.

Coxall—At his residence, Tamworth, on Monday, March 19th, 1928, Charles George Coxall, aged 78 years. Funeral at Christ Church on Wednesday 10.30 a.m.

McBride—At North Fredericksburgh, on Thursday, March 15th, 1928, Jacob B. Vanalstine.

McBride—At North Fredericksburgh, on Thursday, March 15th, 1928, Margaret McBride, aged 77 years, 5 months

Shorey—At Copenhagen, N.Y., on Monday, March 12th, 1928, Miss Lydia Shorey, sister of Mr. Canfield Shorey, Napanee.

Vanalstine—At North Fredericksburgh, on Thursday, March 15th, 1928, Jacob B. Vanalstine.

VanLuven—At the Kingston General Hospital on Thursday, March 15th, 1928, Huldah VanLuven, widow of the late M. M. VanLuven, Morven, aged 98 years, 11 months.

DESERONTO ROAD.

Mr. George Switzer, agent for "Frost & Wood" implements, sold two of his new spring tooth cultivators on Wednesday, one to F. VanWack and son and one to Harold McCaul.

The hay press is again on the move and passed up the highway on Wednesday to the Indian Woods.

The three act comedy, "Slickers" given in the Sunday school rooms of the United Church, Deseronto, by Napanee talent, was well attended from this road on Wednesday evening last.

Owing to the recent big thaw, the snow and ice on the Provincial Highway have disappeared, and the road is in fairly good condition for this time of year.

Tapping and making maple syrup will soon be the order of the day and from apparent signs the season will be a short one

Mr. Escott Rose, who had a runaway recently, has lost one of his horses, apparently from injuries received from the fall on the ice.

Mr. Herbert Daly found a spray of apple blossoms on one of his trees early last week, surely a sign of spring.

At the inaugural meeting of the Napanee Board of Education for 1928, Mr. Alpine Woods was elected chairman for the 16th consecutive year.

Word was received in Napanee on Monday of the death at Rochester, N.Y., of Dr. Myers, who with his wife, have many friends in Napanee.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union will hold their regular meeting in the Public Library, on Tuesday, March 27th. A report of the Prohibition Union held in Toronto, will be given.

Word was received in Napanee on Wednesday, announcing the death in Copenhagen, N.Y., of a former well-known resident of this county in the person of Miss Lydia Shorey. The deceased who was 76 years of age, was born in Centreville, Addington County, being the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Shorey. Until fifteen years ago she had resided in Centreville and left for Copenhagen at that time to reside. No intimation of any illness was received in town until the first of the week and it is presumed that her illness was of a short duration. She was one of a family of eight and all have passed to the Great Beyond with the exception of two, Mrs. McCready, of New York State, and Mr. Canfield Shorey of the staff of the Canadian Department Stores, Limited. The remains are to be brought to Napanee in the early spring for interment.

WILTON.

All are glad to see the snow melting and hope the cars will be running soon.

Miss Mildred Anglin, Kingston, spent last week-end the guest of Miss Marion Miller.

The Ladies' Aid of the United Church held a tea and concert on Friday evening last. Mrs. Torriss of Athens, reader, was the chief entertainer. A large number attended in spite of the rough weather, Mrs Towriss was much njoyed, as usual, as this is her third trip to Wilton.

"Bashful Mr. Bobbs" was presented in Glenvale on Wednesday evening. A fine time was enjoyed by all. This play is to be presented in Wilton for the second time.

Mr. Stinson Carr is improved after his illness.

Mr. Byron Caton is visiting friends in Kingston.

Y. P. S. was held in the League Room on Thursday evening. A very beneficial meeting was held.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Conners entertained on Thursday evening for a number of their friends.

Mr. Fred Davison has returned to Oxbow, Sask., after visiting his brother, Mr. Carter Davison, who is seriously ill in Hotel Dieu Hospital.

HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

MILK AND TUBERCULOSIS.

The value of milk is not limited to the first year of life. As the child grows, he needs to enlarge his diet, but milk continues to be the most important article in this diet during the years of growth. Every child should have one pint of milk a day to provide the necessary growing substance for the body.

Young children have very little resistance to tuberculosis. In their earliest years they are easily overcome by this disease. There are two types of the tuberculosis germ, two members of the same family as it were, which cause tuberculosis in children—the human and the bovine types. By far the greater number of cases are caused by the human type. The bovine type is responsible for about 25% of all tuberculosis occurring amongst children. In children, tuberculosis often attacks the bones and joints and so is responsible for much crippling.

The bovine type of the tuberculosis germ comes from cows suffering from tuberculosis, and reaches the child through milk. As a large percentage of milch cows have tuberculosis, it follows that a large percentage of milk is infected with the bovine type of tuberculosis germs. From this it is evident that, unless the necessary precautions are taken, milk is a real factor in the spread of tuberculosis to young children.

It is part of any campaign against tuberculosis or towards the improvement of child health to see that the milk supply is safe and pure. A safe, pure milk supply, free from all danger of carrying tuberculosis or any other disease to human beings, particularly children, comes from healthy cows, is produced and shipped in a cleanly way, is pasteurized to kill any disease germs, is kept cold and covered until used.

Is this the kind of milk you and your children use ?

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered by letter. Questions as to diagnosis and treatment will not be answered.

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE. *The Great English Preparation. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Used for Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price $2 per box, 3 for $5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.*

23-1-7

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

The robins have come back, the sun is warm and the boys are playing marbles on the street corners—spring is here. Let us make plans for the garden if we have one, and if we haven't and have a piece of ground that could be made into one, let us decide to turn it into a flower or vegetable garden or both. It is surprising what can be done. Recently at a lecture given with lantern slides by a lecturer from the Department of Agriculture, pictures were shown of lovely gardens that had, only a short time ago, been dusty back yards in a large city. Most of my readers can have a place of beauty near their house, and get enjoyment and health for themselves while they are improving their property and their community. We have heard a good deal of the Canadian gardens that were so much admired by Mr. Stanley Baldwin, the Prime Minister of England, on his trip through our country last summer. We have some charming homes in our own and smaller towns and villages and in the rural districts, but we also have some very bare and unattractive ones. The Department of Agriculture will give you advice if you don't know how to get results yourself, and some of your neighbors, who have good luck with flowers and vegetables will tell you their secrets. Good soil, that is soil enriched by some fertilizer, is a necessity, and good seeds and bulbs. Some of the Women's Institutes get seeds and bulbs through their district executive and set to work to grow flowers that make their home pretty all summer and then take prizes at the Fall fairs.

It will not be long before the first tourists come with the bright days to see the country in its spring dress. It is easy enough to get people to come once, the thing is to make them come again. To do that you have got to make them comfortable. They must have a fresh, clean room to sleep in, with plenty of hot water to wash away the dust. The food must be good, the butter firm and the milk pure. Now there was a time when motorists would drive into a yard and ask for a drink of water from the well. That time has gone. Everyone knows now that water and milk that is not free from poison germs is a deadly draught. All milk in the country is not pure and all water from springs is not good drinking water, and the tourist knows it. You can't fool him about that, but you can get over he difficulty. There are filters that can be bought and used in the farm houses and if the herd of cows is tested, reasonable care and cleanliness will ensure pure milk. In towns the only safe course is chloronization for the water and pasteurization for milk. You can get clean milk from one man, but it is impossible to be sure of a supply collected from several farms.

This year the sports skirts are as short as ever, but the frocks for more formal occasions are varied in length, according to height of the wearer and her taste in dress. A very tall woman need not wear very short skirts to be in the fashion, nor need a stout woman show a length of fat leg. Skirts, like the hair, can be worn as the wearer wishes. What a delightful idea ! Just think how splendid it would be if we could really choose our own clothes and not have hard and fast rules laid down for us by Dame Fashion

Parents and scholars are much interested in vocational classes in the public schools. To most of us the idea that the boy with hands that can go farther with a chisel and plane than with a chalk on a blackboard is given a chance to use those hands to his own and others advantage, seems a splendid thing. How many people go through life doing as an amateur for a hobby work that would have made them happy in the doing and have given them a livelihood and perhaps riches ? Now the boy who can paint is given a chance, the hands that can carve are taught how to do it well and the lad who longs to handle machinery will have his opportunity given to him and will, perhaps, add to the wonderful inventions of our age.

Just thirty-one years ago Adelaide Hoodless, a farmer's wife living at Stoney Creek, Wentworth county, organized the first Women's Institute because a little child died, as she felt, through her lack of knowledge of home-nursing. She declared, standing beside the tiny coffin, that she would not rest until the Department of Agriculture gave as much assistance to women in learning how to care for their home and children as it did to the men regarding the care of the farm and the stock. From that beginning the Women's Institutes, the largest international women's organization, has grown until it numbers hundreds of thousands of women in Canada and has spread to England, to New Zealand and has sister organizations in the United States, in Belgium and in other countries, that although they do not call themselves by the same name have the same aims. Now comes a talk of a Hoodless memorial. Something will be decided upon shortly. But any Institute may make a suggestion which can be forwarded to headquarters and may be just the one to catch the immagination of the members of the Women's Institutes.

If you have any shabby furniture of not very good wood, paint it and be in the fashion. A New York note says that one of the smart shops is showing a card table painted in three shades of rose, which has chairs to match.

"Nellie" has asked for the recipe of a Sunshine Cake. Try this. 6 eggs, 1 cup of granulated sugar, 1 cup of pastry flour, 1 teaspoonful lemon extract, ½ teaspoonful cream of tartar, pinch of salt. Beat eggs separately, add cream of tartar to the whites when stiff, and beat in Beat in the sugar slowly. Add well beaten youlks and lastly the flour which has been sifted three times. Bake one hour in a slow oven. Any icing can be used. This is a good cake with ice cream

CAN'T TALK TO WIFE, TOO CROSS AND NERVOUS

"Even my husband couldn't talk to me, I was so cross and nervous Vinol has made me a different and happy woman."—Mrs. N. McCall.

Vinol is a compound of iron, phosphates, cod liver peptone, etc. The very FIRST bottle makes you sleep better and have a BIG appetite. Nervous, easily tired people are surprised how quick the iron, phosphates, etc., give new life and pep. Vinol tastes delicious. Wallace's Drug Store.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils. Stoves, and Furnaces.

DAVY & ALLISON,

Next to Caton's.